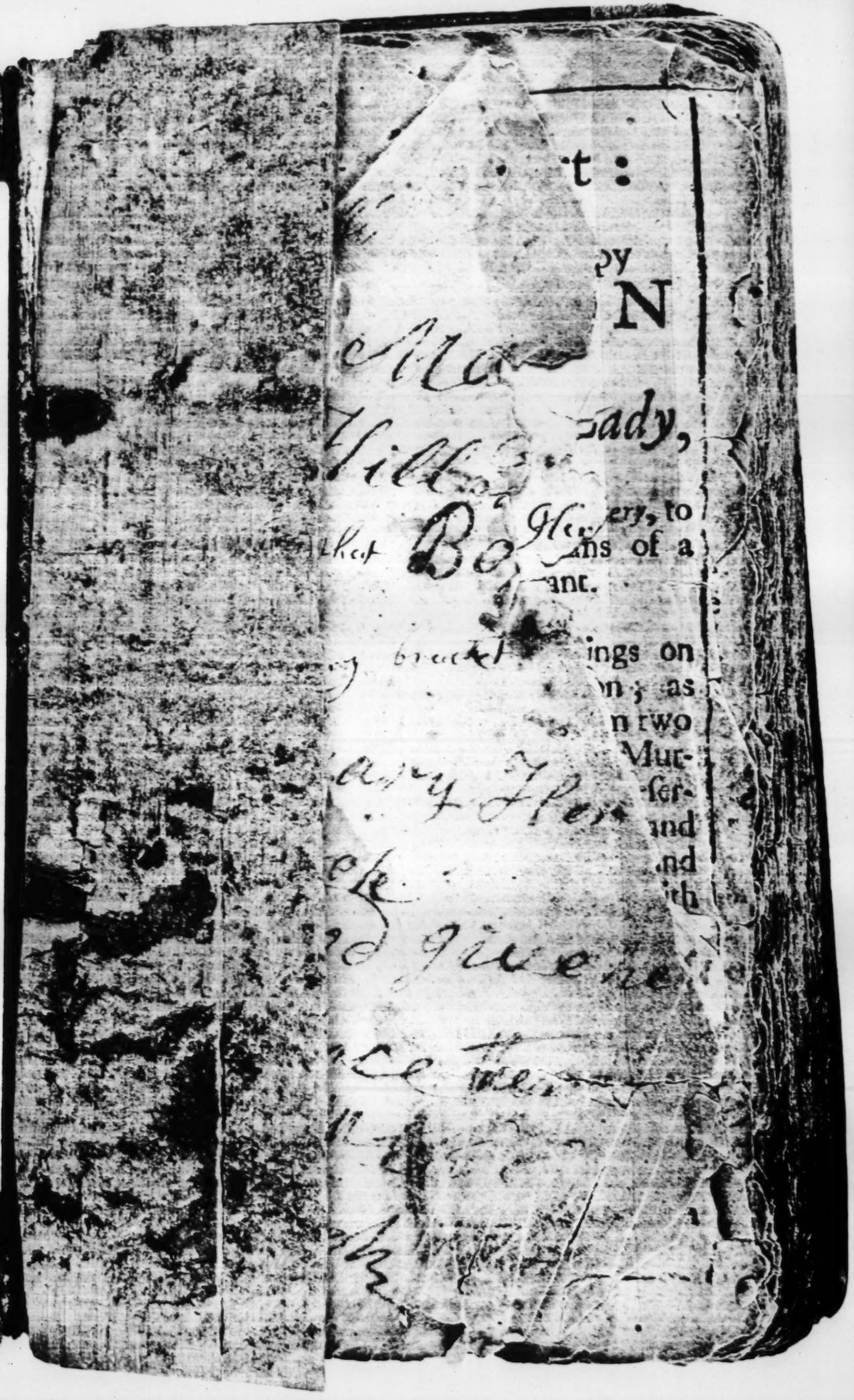

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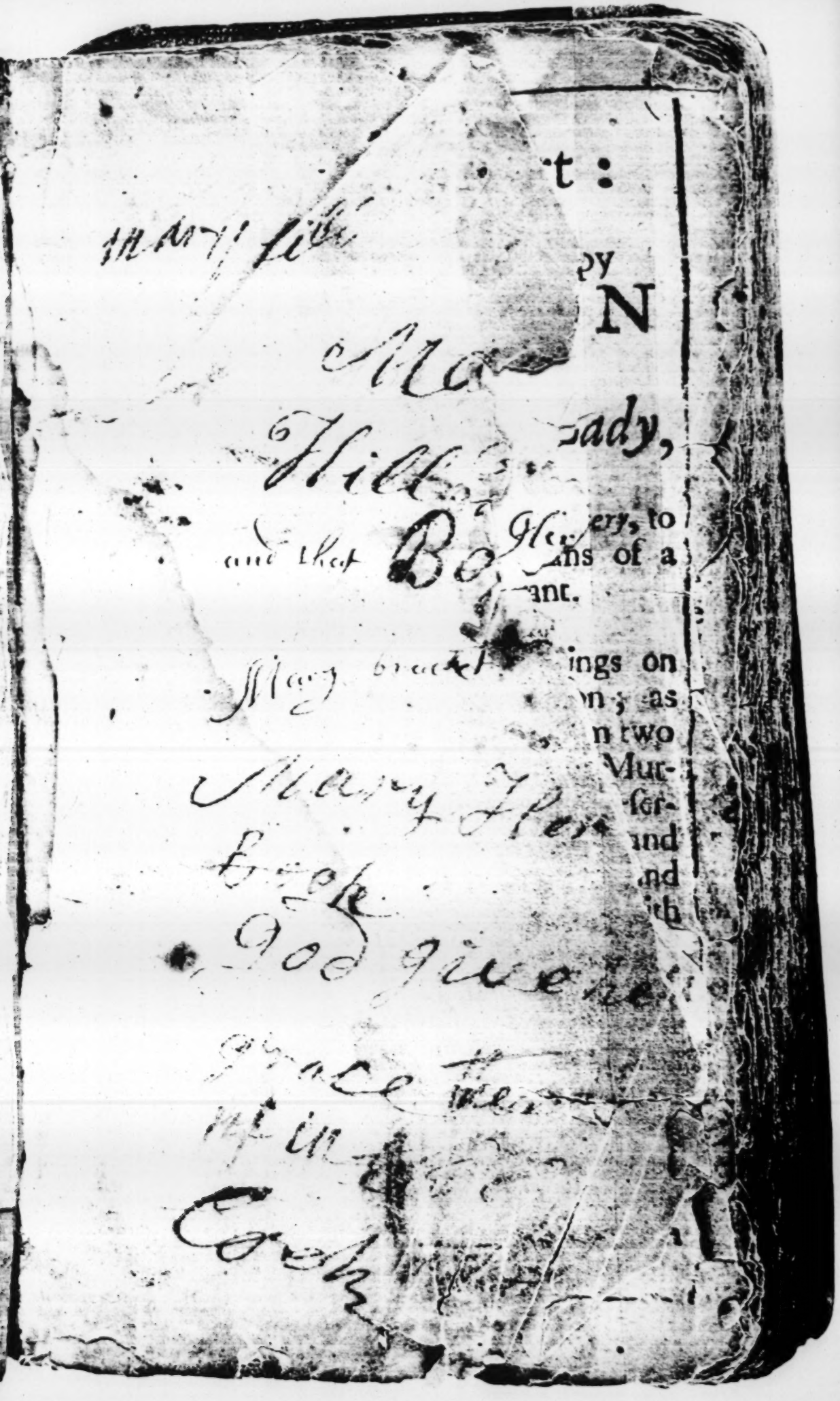

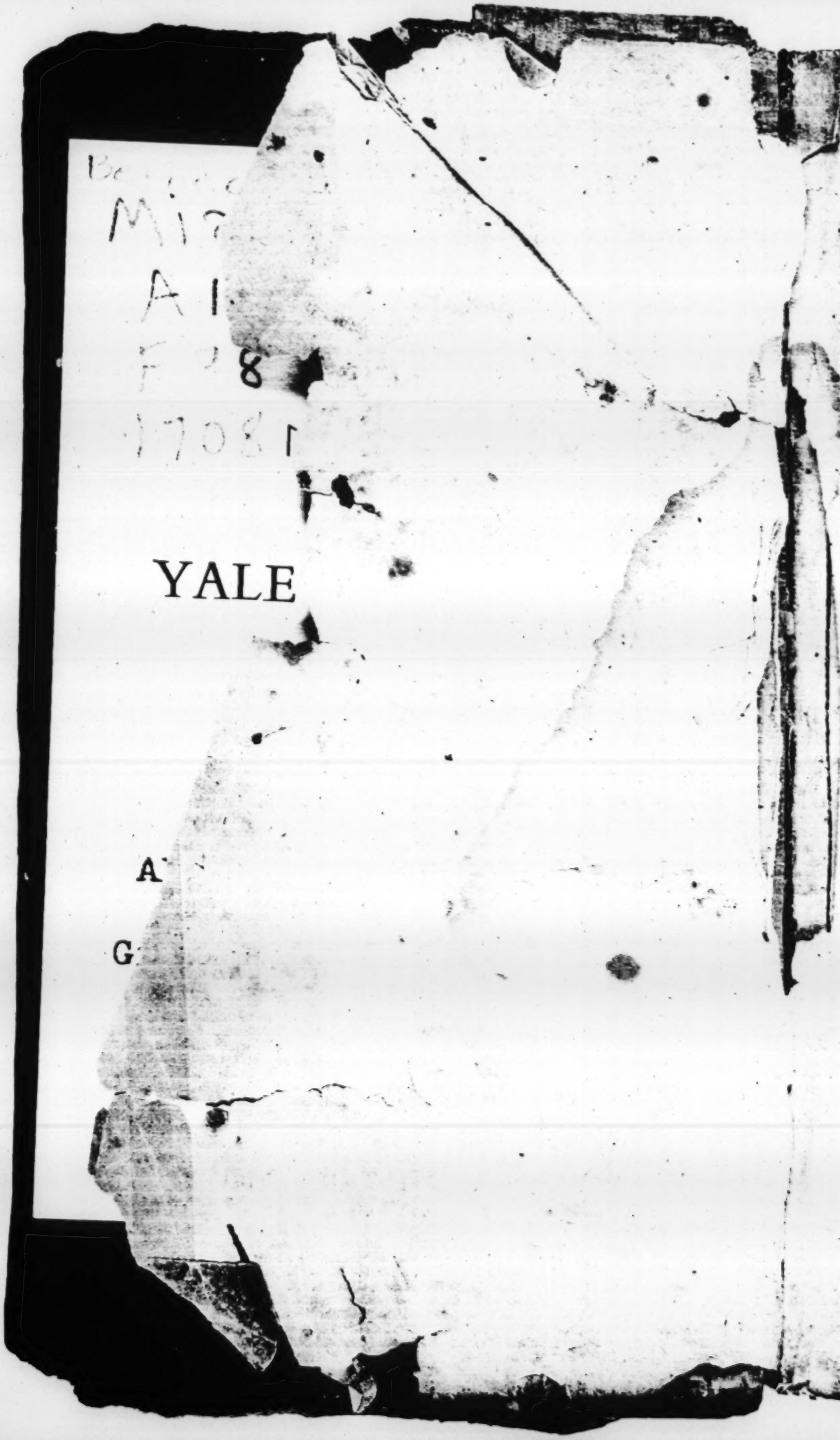
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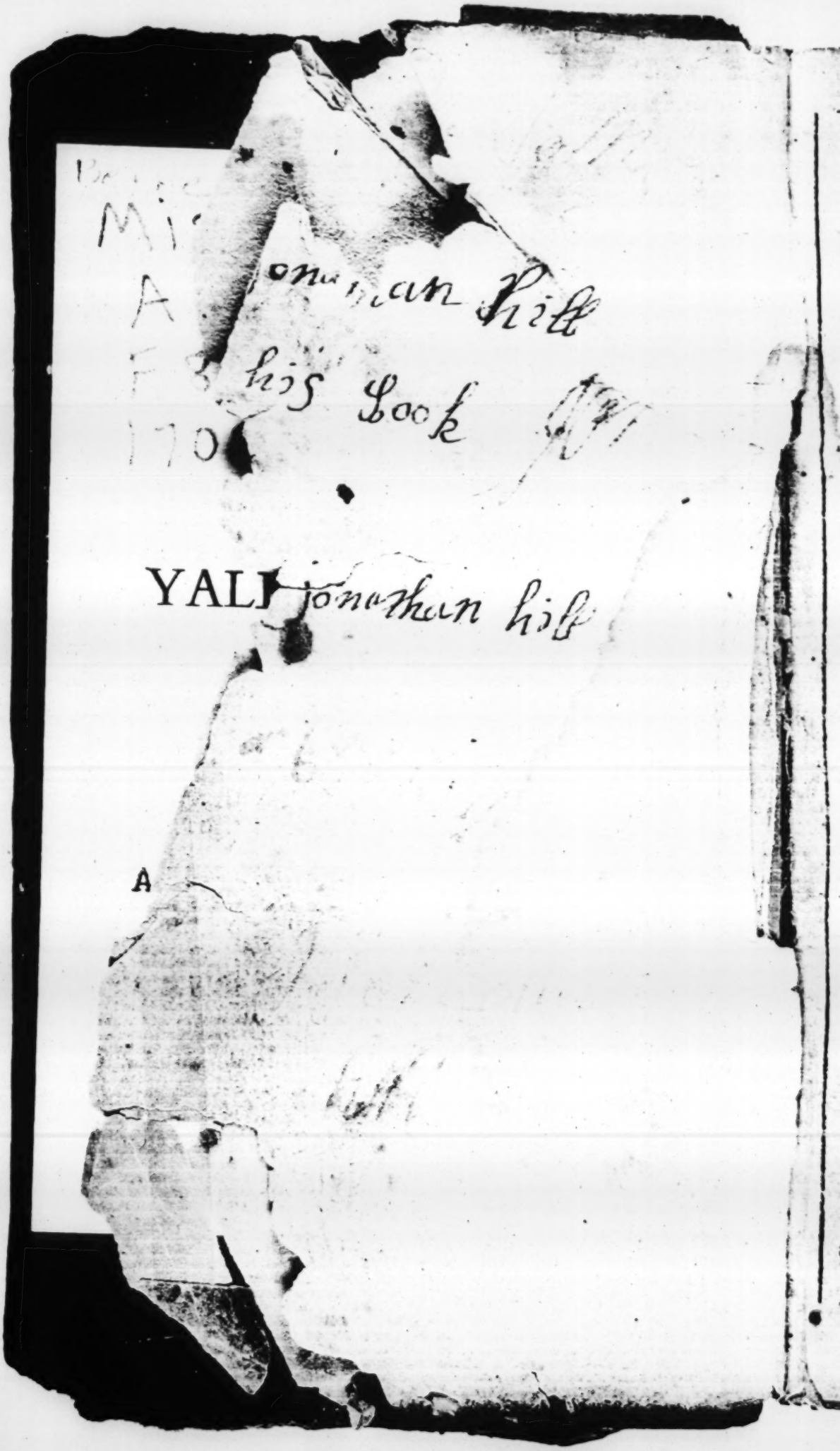

# THE French Convert: BEING A True Relation of the happy CONVERSION OF *A Noble French Lady,* FROM

The Errors and Superſtitions of *Popery*, to the *Reformed Religion*, by means of a Proteſtant Gardiner, Her Servant.

*Wherein is ſhewed*

Her Great and Unparallel'd Sufferings on the Account of her ſaid Converſion; as alſo her wonderful Deliverance from two Aſſaſſines hired by a Popiſh Prieſt to Murther her: And of her Miraculous Preſervation in a Wood for Two Years; and how ſhe was at laſt Providentially found by her Husband, who (together with her Parents) was brought over by her Means to the Embracing of the True Religion, as were divers others alſo.

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*The whole Relation being ſent by a* Proteſtant Miniſter, *now a Priſoner in* France, *to a* French Refugee *in* London.

---

LONDON, Printed for *John Gwillim*, in *Biſhops-gate-Street*, 1696.

# THE BOOKSELLER to the READER!

*READER*,

I thought the best way to inform you how I came by the Copy of this Surprizing Relation, would be by communicating to you the following Letter, & then you will know as much of it as I do my self.

*To Mr* John Gwillim, *Bookseller in Bishops gate-Street.*

*SIR*,

'BEing a Native of *France* (fled hither for the 'Cause of God's True Religion) I am altogether Unacquainted with any *English* Booksellers; (& yet for such a One I thought the 'Enclosed Narrative would be most proper) I 'therefore made it my business to Enquire of 'my Acquaintance if they knew such a One, 'who was a person of Integrity, to whom I might 'Communicate the following Copy, in order to 'have it made Publick; and being informed by 'some of my Acquaintance (who it seems are 'your Customers) that you are a Person of that 'Character, I have herewith sent you the Copy 'inclosed, & the Letter of a worthy Minister for 'my Credentials, who sent it me as a Rare Example of Gods wonderful Mercy and Providence, leaving it to my discretion, as you will find by his Letter, to Publish it openly, or 'Communicate it to a few in Manuscript; and 'thinking the former will be most for God's Glory, & the good of others, who may by this Example learn to Trust in God, & keep close to

'his

'his Truth & Way, under the greateſt Sufferings
'& Afflictions, I have made choice thereof. As
'for the Truth of it, (having received it from ſo
'eminent & good a Hand) neither I who know
'the Perſons Integrity, or any that I have ſhewed it
'to, have in the leaſt ſuſpected that it is otherwiſe.
'I need not enter on the Subject Matter, ſince
'it is before you; but ſubmit it to your Conſide-
'ration, whether it will be to your advantage to
'Print it. If you do, I may in ſome meaſure pro-
'mote it among my Friends & Acquaintance: If
'I hear nothing of it abroad in a convenient
'time, I muſt rely upon your Honeſty, (& the
'Character my Friends have given of you) to
'keep the Copy ſafe, & I will ſend for it by the
'ſame way it came to your Hands. For the great
'Love I have for my Friend that ſent it, & ſome-
'thing Extraordinary I ſee in it, makes me un-
'willing to have it Buried in Oblivion, & there-
'fore will take other meaſures to have it made
'Publick, in caſe you decline it. So I am thus
'far you unknown Friend to ſerve you,

*Spittle Fields, June* 13. 1696. *R. D.*

Having received this Letter, and read the Narrative over, I was ſoon of opinion that it might not only anſwer my Expectation, but (as the Gentleman in his Letter very well obſerves) be of great Uſe to many others. And have therefore made it publick; Not doubting Courteous Reader, but thou wilt find it both Pleaſant and Profitable. And ſo without any farther Apology. Farewell.

*J. G.*

The

The Copy of a Letter sent from a French Protestant Minister in *France*, to his Friend in *London*, with the following Relation.

My very good Friend,

HAving Received yours the 13th. of April, N.S. I was not a little over-joyed, even in my Sufferings, to hear you are well Settled in a Country where you have the freedom of Enjoying the Exercise of the True Religion, a thing to be valued above all other Earthly Blessings; & next to that, I am much Gladded to find you inform me that the Climate so well agrees with you & your Family, that you have been Healthful ever since you departed from me, & the rest of your dear Friends here; tho' many of us, & particularly my self, labour under many Sufferings & Afflictions; I having (with many others) Languished a long time in Prison for the sake of a good Conscience, afflicted with much Sickness by reason of my close confinement, which (Blessed be the Name of God enabling me) I have born with Patience: Tho' many have Dyed unpitied of their cruel Persecutors, yet the cry of Innocent Blood may in time make them know How hard it is to kick against the Pricks. Yet my Prayers are, That instead of sending any fearful Judgment on these Popish Adversaries, God would turn their Hearts, enlighten their Understandings, make them see the Errors of their ways, & Repent of the many Evils they have done to the Poor Protestants, without any manner of Cause or Provocation, to whom their Rage & Malice extends even beyond Death, for they still continue the old way of denying them Christian Burial. But this is all our Comfort, It matters not where our Bodies lie, so be it our Souls are infolded in Christ's Arms. Yet

*among the Miseries & Threats of Death, which I have undergon in taking care of the Spiritual Welfare of those that God has committed to my Charge, I cannot but be greatly Comforted when you tell me, The* French Protestant Church *in* England *flourishes; & that the Members of it* Walk worthy of their Calling *gaining by their Inoffensive way of Living, a good repute among Strangers; when in their Native Country so much Inhumanity appears towards those of the* Reformed Profession; *for the* Persecution *in many Places rages still, to the Impoverishing of Thousands of Families But not to be tedious to you, having nothing left to send you but my good wishes & Prayers, except the enclosed Account of a very strange but blessed alteration in the Family of the Count* Alanson, *a worthy Noble Man, well known to you; I have drawn it up upon the strictest Enquiry into the Truth of all the Material Circumstances, as well as my Sufferings, and spare time from the Care of those under my Charge, would permit; & send it to you as a Token of my Love, for the many Kindnesses I have received at your Hands; that so you might Communicate it to others & make it Publick if you see occasion; that all may be made sensible* of the wonderful goodness of Almighty God, and Praise him for the Works he doth among the Children of Men, *For the certainty of what I have Written, though I have been obliged to methods sake, to use a few Expressions of my own, you may firmly rely on my Integrity, who am always a well wisher to the Health of your soul & Body.*

A. D' Auborn.

*Nants in Britannie, May 2*
*New Style,* 1696.

# THE
# French Conver', &c

WHEN we are to Write the Story of *Injured Innocence*, and give the World a true Relation of *Oppreſsed Virtue*, that it may move all Hearts to a Juſt Compaſſion, it muſt be Dreſs'd in the *Role* of *Veracity*, free from *Romantick Fictions*, and ſuch is that which is here related; wherein ſo ſingular a Providence of Almighty God appears, to bring about his Secret Purpoſes, that the Parallel thereof our Age has ſcarce afforded. Let us conſider them a little, before I enter on this Unparallell'd Relation, how the Divine Goodneſs delights to bring Light out of Darkneſs, & makes even the Wicked Confound themſelves in their own devices, that out of their evil deſigns he may bring good to paſs: For as *Suſanna*, the moſt Virtuous of all the Daughters of *Iſrael*, falſly accuſed by the Tempters of her Honour, found it made more Conſpicuous in their Deſtruction, when her Virtue & their Villanies were Manifeſted; & as *Joſeph* being Sold into *Egypt*, & there falſly accuſed of Adultry, advanced him next a Throne, in the end of his Sufferings, and turned to the Shame of his accuſing Miſtriſs and Treacherous Brethren, though at the beginning God meant it for Good, that he might be Inſtrumental to preſerve his Father & his Houſhold alive, & turned the Malice of the *Patriarchs* into a Bleſſing: So the Miſeries

and

& Extraordinary Sufferings of the Noble Lady, whose Story I am going to recite, was made use of by Divine Providence, as a means of the Conversion of her Husband, Parents & many others, to the *True Religion*; which as she has often said since, has been a very ample, & glorious Recompence. But I shall not anticipate what with more Satisfaction, you will find in the Relation it self; which take as follows.

In *Britanny*, one of the fairest Provinces of *France*, there lately liv'd *Alanson*, a Person of Noble Extraction, & of an Estate suitable both to the Greatness of his Birth, & to those Noble Qualities that Enrich'd his Mind: And being a Lover of Military Actions, was easily perswaded to serve his King in the Wars, where having an Eminent Command given him, he behav'd himself with that Bravery as gain'd him the Admiration of his Enemies, the Love of his Friends, & fresh Honours from his King, who took particular notice of his great Performances. But in the Intervals of two or three Campaignes, he cast his Eyes upon *Deiphania*, a young Lady of Quality, not inferiour to himself for Birth, whose Beauty and Virtue were equally attractive, & whose Charms were so winning, that he had no power to Resist them: To her therefore he made his Humblest Addresses; & the Equality of their Birth, & the fair Excellencies of their Dispositions made his Conquest the more Easie; so that in a little time they were Contracted and Married, to their mutual Joy and Satisfaction.

The

This happy Couple having for a whole winter Enjoyed the bleſſing of each others mutual Loves & Endeared affections, without the leaſt umbrage of any interpoſing Cloud that might give an allay to their preſent Happineſs; at length the Spring came on, and the Armies gathering together, Summon'd *Alanſon* from the Repoſe he took in the ſoft Embraces of his Chaſte and Loving Wife, to the field of War, to act his part again upon that Stage of Honour, wherein he had already gotten ſo much Reputation: But he never ſeemed ſo unwilling to Court Fame abroad as now, ſince he muſt of neceſſity leave behind him the Deareſt part of himſelf; he had many ſtruglings and combates in his mind; ſometimes *Love*, and then again *Honour* got the Victory; till at laſt a viſible Sadneſs ſuffered him to keep it no longer ſecret; for often when he caſt his eyes on his Beauteous Lady, Sighs (in ſpite of all precaution) eſcaped his Lips, & he would often ſoftly ſay, *& muſt I leave my deareſt Wife, in whoſe Converſation, I find ſo great Felicity, to Run Hazards abroad, whilſt I know not in my Abſence to what Hazards ſhe may be expoſed? No, farewell Camps and Arms; it was you I Courted when I had no other Object more Pleaſing to me. And then I was my own; but now I am another's, and cannot, without her Conſent, take my ſelf from her in ſo ſhort a time.*

One day as he had retired thus Penſive to his ſtately Garden on the Banks of the River *Seine*, where he has one of the Goodlieſt Structures thoſe parts can boaſt of; his fair *Deſdamona* who

who before had obſerved the alteration of his Viſage, came to find him out, which ſhe did in an Arbour overſpread with a curious ſhade of *Orange Trees*; and perceiving him Troubled in his Thoughts, & much ſurprized at the Sight of her, ſhe conceived ſhe might unwittingly have done ſome thing that Diſpleaſed him, to cauſe this alteration. Therefore with her Eyes all Languiſhing, and Pearly Drops trickling down her Cheeks, ſhe caſt her Arms about his Neck, ſaying, *My dear* Alanſon, *what is it that Diſquiets you? Tell me, my Lord, have I in ought Offended you? if the fault be mine, I will endeavour all that in me lies to Reſtore your Peace; Command me any thing a Wife can juſtly do, and I am all Obedience.* Having ſaid this, ſhe wept very tenderly, ſo that he could ſcarce with all his Courage refrain from accompanying her in Tears; but recollecting the Manly force of his Mind, he put on a more ſerene Countenance, & cauſing her to ſit down by him, Gently Chid her for ſo much as ſuſpecting he could be any ways Diſpleaſed with her Actions or Carriage towards him, which appeared, in his Eyes, the rareſt Landskip of Conjugal Love, and reſpectful Obedience, that was in Nature. Then with languiſhing Signs, ſhe Intreated him to tell her the Real Cauſe; which, in ſuch terms as theſe, he briefly did, *Ah my dearest* Deidamia (ſays he) *I have been uſed to purſue Honour, and Court her as my only Miſtriſs, before I caſt my Eyes on you & have contracted ſo much Friendſhip in the Army, that ſhould I forbear to appear as uſually, though no great*

Obligation

*Obligation is incumbent on me, more than the ſupport of the Honour of my Family, all the Lawrels I have for ſome Years gathered at the Expence of much Blood and Treaſure, would in few Moments be Blaſted and Withered, with reproach of Cowardice.* Here he ſtopt, and ſhe look'd pale as Death, when ſhe apprehended he muſt part from her, or Eclipſe his Reputation, & Swooning in his Arms, laid as ſhe ſunk, *Ah wretched* Deidamia, *muſt we part then!* This moved ſuch Compaſſion in him, that bringing her to herſelf again, he Comforted her in the beſt manner he could, dryed up her Tears, and gave Love the Victory over Honour, reſolving to ſtay at Home with her, let Cenſorious men ſay what they would; at which ſhe greatly Rejoyced, & recovering from her fears by degrees, reſted the moſt ſatisfied and Joyful Lady Living.

But behold a ſudden Turn of Fortunes I[n]conſtancy; an Accident fell out that did co[m]pel him to forgo his former Reſolution of ſtayi[ng] at Home, and laid a Neceſſity upon him to re[-]turn to the Camp: For the Colonels Command in the Regiment of *Picardy* being Vacant, a Relation of his at Court, (who now prov'd over officious) put the King in mind how well he had behav'd himſelf in the laſt Campaign, (which the King himſelf alſo was very ſenſible of) and therefore Intreated of his Majeſty to beſtow that Vacancy upon him: Whereupon he conſulted and ordered *Aanſon* a Commiſſion to be Colonel of that Regiment, which was brought by one of the Kings Purſivants, when *Alanſon* was

was Rejoycing with his Friends at a ſplendid Entertainment: But Oh! the ſuddain alteration that appeared in him, when he had knowledge of the over officious kindneſs of his Kinſman: However he diſmiſſed the Purſivant with forced Smiles, and (what Contented him more) a Conſiderable Reward; yet a while after, Reflecting on the neceſſity Fortune had thrown upon him to leave his Vertuous *Deidamia*, he appeared very much Concern'd; and to hide the Commotions Warring in his Mind, pretending a ſuddain Indiſpoſition, he left his Friends, and retired, after he had Excuſed his withdrawing himſelf from them, and Encouraged them to continue their Merriment; but however it daſhed their Jollity, and haſtened their Departure, that they might be no Diſturbance to their Friend; yet with various Conjectures what might be the True Cauſe of this ſo ſuddain Change and Alteration of his Countenance; and whatever he pretended, the greater part rightly gueſſed it to proceed from the Effects of ill News that had been brought him, but as to the particulars of it, they were Ignorant.

The Houſe being cleared pretty well of Viſitants, *Deidamia* haſted to her Lord in his Retirements, and preſſed him ſo hard with ſweet & tender Words, that he found himſelf conſtrained not to Conceal from her this New Cauſe of Diſturbance, ſhowing her the Commiſſion, and ſaying, O Deidamia, *ſee how our Croſs Stars Labour againſt our Repoſe; my Kinſman (ignorant of my intentions) has uſed his intereſt with the King,*

me

*no doubt out of a kind regard to my Honour, and kindly to separate us; and by this Commission, against my will, forces me from your Arms; all Excuses now will be looked on as Cowardice, which Reproach I cannot bear and Live. Therefore my dearest Love, settle your mind on the Rock of Patience and Contentedness, that so no Floods of Sorrow may overwhelm you in my Absence: And if Heaven Preserve my Life, as no doubt for thy sake it will, our Joys will be Redoubled when I shall Return and lay the Wreathes of Lawrells I have Reap'd at* Didamia's *Feet*: He would have proceeded, but she Interrupted him with Tears and deep fetched Sighs to find Fortune it self so averse to her Repose: But prudently seeing there was no Remedy, after having bitterly Comp'ained of her hard Fate, so soon to be separated from all she held Dear in the World, and wasted a great part of her Stock of Grief in showers of Tears, her Sorrows began to mitigate: So have we seen Clouds fill'd with showers blacken the Earth, till their Waters are diffused in falling Drops, and then by degrees the Sun Beams break through them, to make the Shades Retreat. However she could not conform her self to a Consent without difficulty, Revolving many Melancholly things in her Mind, when the heart piercing thought of his leaving her renewed themselves. But not to be tedious, since part they must, & Love was constrained by this unexpected Turn, to give place to Honour, speedy care was taken to provide an Equipage suitable to his Character, which

was very Splendid, & having visited his Friends, & taken leave of them, at last the woful Day of his Departure dawned, when early in the Morning, *Atanson*, after many tender Caresses & Endearments, rose from the Arms of the Lovely *Deidamia*, to order things for his departure, & calling his Servants together, Commanded *Antonio*, a *Fryar* of the Order of St. *Francis*, whom he retained in his House as his Chaplain, to say a Solemn Mass for his Success and Speedy Return, & the Protection of his Lady & Family in his Absence; by which time she was risen from Watering her Couch with Tears This ended, he Recommended her to the Care of *Antonio*, & one *Fronovivis* his Gentleman, or Steward of his Houlhould; saying, *To your Care, in my Absence, I recommend the Safety & Welfare of my beloved Lady, the most virtuous & loving of Wives; and Charge you, as you expect to Answer it to God & me, be Obedient to all her Commands, Comfort and Cherish her in her Solitude, and see that all my Domesticks pay the like exact Respects.* This and much more they faithfully promised to observe; then giving Liberally to each Servant, and having notice that his Equipage was ready, & divers Gentlemen on Horseback waited to accompany him, he took his last solemn Leave of *Deidamia*; who could scarcely speak to him for Grief, which so overloaded her tender Heart, that she fell into a Swoon in her Womans Arms, out of which being recovered, and lifting up her Languishing Eyes, deeply sighing, she said, *Ah my dear Lord, this will be a Long and*

*Woful*

*Woful parting; my Heart forebodes I shall never see you more.* And here sobs and tears stopped her further utterance; so that he seeing his presence was troublesome to her, thought his Absence, & a little time, would wean her from these griefs, & so with a tender Kiss, promising to Write often, & as speedily as might be to return, he took his Leave; little thinking what he had done, in Committing an innocent Dove to the Charge of Ravenous Vultures.

It is not much to my purpose, to tell you how well he was received at the Head of his Command, by the Duke of *Luxemburg*, or what brave Exploits his Courage carried him through, since in that Fame has not been Silent, nor publick News at *Paris* wanting to speak his in his Commendation: I therefore omit it, (unless in some Passages, where it will in the Third of this amazing Relation, be necessary to mention some Particulars) & shall therefore continue with the sorrowful *Deidamia*; who after his Departure, seemed to have banished all Comfort from her Breast, all that she found was in her Devotions & Prayers to Almighty God, for his Protection and safe Return, greatly affecting Solitude, and, as much as she could, avoided the Visits of divers Ladies, who (as they said) came to make her Merry, and divert her Melancholly, she being very well *Beloved*, both by the Nobility and Gentry, for her *comely Carriage, modest Behaviour, sweetness of Temper, and Affability.*

In the cool of the Day she usually made it her Business to retire into her Garden, Pensive and

alone; it being by the Care & Diligence of the Gardiner, kept and ordered like an other *Paradise*, ſtored with great Variety of the rareſt Plants, & Flowers that could be got, not only in *France*, but alſo in other Countries adorned with pleaſant Fountains, whoſe purling Streams glided with ſoft Murmurs in many Rivulets, arched over with inter-twining Gelſamine and Roſes; & all the Mazes and intricate Windings were enamell'd with Knots and curious Figures. To this Delight, to pleaſe the Eye and Scent, was added the melodious Warblings of various Birds, who took more Pleaſure in that pleaſant Garden than the Lady of it. Often would She retire to the *Orange Grove*, where ſhe and her abſent Lord had paſſed ſome Joyful, as well as Sad Hours, and at the Remembrance of them would ſadly Weep, then Pray (according to the Cuſtom of the *Papiſts*, who allow praying to Saints) to the Tutelar Saints for his Protection. And ſo drying up her Tears, would walk thence again, taking but little Reſt in any place. But one time paſſing by a bed of Tulips, ſhe eſpyed *Bernard* her Gardiner (for ſo was he called) buſy in Watering them, and erecting ſuch as declin'd their drooping Heads, occaſioned by the heat of the Sun's too ſcorching Beams; ſhe had often in this Man obſerved a harmleſs Native Innocence, accompanied with Acute Ingenuity (and indeed, a Gardiner, who underſtands his Buſineſs as he ought to do, muſt be an Ingenious Man) and therefore imagined he might adminiſter to her ſome Advantage to

hold

hold Discourse with him, in what related to his Mystery of Gardening, thinking it no Undervaluing, tho' he was her menial Servant, since she had often Read that *Kings, Princes, & other great and wise Men, had Voluntarily become of this Occupation*: That Adam, *when Governour of all the World, was imployed in it by God himself*; so that coming close to him, whilst his nimble Hands were busied at his Work; the Man by his Ear (his Back being then towards her) being informed by the sound of some body's approach, suddenly started up, and seeing his beautiful Lady so near him, was much Abashed, & would have retired to give her the more freedom in her Walk; but she said, *Bernard, Pray don't let me hinder you in your Business, I come on purpose to observe your Dexterity in Gardening: I see you mind it with a just Diligence, though your Lord is absent*: *Madam* (Replied he) *I beg your Ladiships Pardon, if I tell you I am no Eye Servant, as well knowing I must give an Account to God, as well as to Man, if I am Negligent in what I promise to perform, and am Intrusted with. Dedamia* stood Surpriz'd at the Mans plain, but ingenious Reply; and changing somewhat the manner of her Discourse, asked him divers Questions about the *Virtues, Nature, Quality & Production of Flowers and Plants*, &c. in all which he satisfied her to her Admiration; by which she perceived him *better Learned in the Mysteries of Nature than she Conceived one of that Estate could be reasonably expected*: And to be brief she often held such innocent Conversation with

him when at any time she found him Busied, or otherways in the Garden, and observed in his Discourse, such a *Harmony* and *Visibility* of the *Deity* in his *Works of Creation*, that she took more & more Delight to hear him, for he perceiving her Melancholly in the absence of her Lord, gave her such *Similes* and *Parallels* between *Flowers*, *Plants*, &c. and the *Contentments of Humane Life*, that he, as it were, *Spiritualiz'd Gardening*, mixing with his Discourse, many *Expressions of Heavenly Consolation*, which made her feel more Comfort than she had done for divers Dayes, doubting in her self, that this Man was something more than he appeared to be. (In which indeed she Erred not, as will be noted hereafter) so that entertaining a good Opinion of him, she order'd his Lodging to be chang'd for a better; and his Commons to be as large and dainty as any of the Servants, contrary to the custom of degrees in *France*.

All this while *Antonio* the *Chaplain*, like another *Wicked Elder*, though he was about Fifty Years of Age, doted on the tender Beauties of the fair *Deidamia*, and the more he strove to suppress his Folly, the more his lustful Desires encreased; till the Temptation growing strong, he resolved, contrary to his Function & Trust, to give his unlawful Desires scope; but considering so much Virtue could not be easily overcome, and that the Attempt was full of Danger if it Miscarried, he considered that the best way to bring his Enterprize tollerably to bear, must be to *Corrupt her Judgment*, and perswade her,

That

*That seeing her Husband was absent, and cou'd not enjoy her, it was no Sin to Communicate those Embraces to another till he returned.* To be brief, this Gray beard'd Satan cast many things in his Mind, as well as wanton and lascivious Eyes on the Innocent Lady, ignorant of the meaning of such Glances. At *Mass*, *Confession*, and all other Opportunities, often would he Flatter her, comparing her Beauties to those of *Angels*, *Cherubims*, and *Saints*; yet she as little understood his meaning in it as the former; but would often Reprove him as Vain, to make such Comparisons between those blessed Spirits and a mortal Creature, subject to Decays and Change.

Whilst these Coals were blowing, *Deidamia* frequented the Garden as she used to do; and one Evening hearing the Gardiner reading in an Arbour in the remotest part of the Garden, where he had often retired, as little expecting to be discovered: (for indeed he was a *Protestant*, contrary to the knowledge of any of the Family; and for his Safety in so persecuting a Country, he made it his greatest Caution to keep it from the Notice of all) He was reading then the first Chapter of the Epistle of St. *Paul* to the *Romans*, and she had the Curiosity to hear him from the 20*th* to the end of the 23*th* Verse, Viz. *For the invisible things of him from the Creation of the World, are clearly seen, being understood by the Things that are made, even his Eternal Power and God-Head; so that they are without excuse, because that when they knew God, they Glorified him not as God, neither were Thankful, but became Vain*

*in their Imaginations, and their foolish Heart was Darkned: Professing themselves to be Wise, they became Fools; and changed the Glory of the incorruptible God into an Image, made like to corruptible man, and to Birds, and four-footed Beasts and creeping Things.*

Having thus far proceeded, he Paused, and with Eyes up-lifted to Heaven, gave Glory unto God, That he had preserved him Blameless from these Offences against his divine Majesty, which through Ignorance and Superstition had over-spread the greatest part of *Europe*: And O *Lord*, continued he, *I humbly beseech thee, as I have already suffered Persecution, for thy Name's Sake, and for the Sake of a good Conscience, so never let me Depart from the Waves of thy Truth, to change thy Incorruptible Glory into an Image made like Corruptible Man*: And when he had said this, Tears stood in his Eyes, and his Words were succeeded by sighs, and then by silence.

*Deidamia*, who had all this while attentively Listened, found something in her Mind, that made a suddain uneasy Alteration, and thought to have gone away Undiscovered; but then again, her Zeal for the *Romish* Religion, which she thought he had Reproached, by detesting *Image*-Worship, carried her so far, as she resolved to give him a sharp Reprimand; least he persisting further, until discovered by others might Ruin himself, tho' her Goodness & gentle Nature was not for working him any Injury by Revealing it. But never was Man more surprized then *Bernard*, when he saw her, whom at

that

that time of Day he little ſuſpected, as not being Uſual, yet collecting his ſcattered Senſes, he aroſe from his Seat, and withal endeavoured to hide his *Bible* under his Coat, thinking ſhe had been newly come, and might neither have heard him Read, nor ſeen his *Bible*. But ſhe in a frowning manner, contrary to the wonted ſweetneſs of her Temper, Commanded him to Deliver it to her, and in ſo doing, the Flames for this time ſhould conceal his Fault; & told him ſhe would not for that time, diſcover his being converſant with a Book ſo ſtrictly by the *Church* Prohibited to the *Layety*, For, *continued ſhe*, it is enough that *we* Believe, as the *Church* Believes, without further Diſpute, or puzling our ſelves with thoſe Scruples and Niceties, which in all probability we may make a falſe Conſtruction of, and wreſt even thoſe Scriptures that are the Rule of our Faith, to our own Damnation.

This ſmart Diſcourſe, and the Frowns in the fair *Deidamia*'s Countenance, did not in this Caſe ſo much daunt *Bernard*, as in another of leſs Concern it might have done; but with ſome aſſurance he Replyed, Ah Madam! I little thought of being ſurpriz'd by you at my Devotions; but ſince I am, I cannot grant what you demand; rather you may demand my Body to the Flames, and as a willing Martyr I will ſooner go, than tamely betray the Cauſe of God, in delivering up his Holy Word to be Conſumed, in which is contained all things neceſſary to Salvation; and it would be in me an apparent Contempt of that Salvation, ſhould I voluntari-

ly

ly, or through fear, caſt it from me. As to your ſaying, *Madam*, That the *Church* has prohibited the *Layety* the uſe of this Sacred Book, eſpecially in a known Tongue, I readily Grant it; but O moſt Virtuous Lady, you little know their Policy in that, it is not that they fear or care what Conſtructions they make of it, particularly relating to Individuals, but it is like the Arrows in the hand of the Giant, ſtrong againſt their Worldly Intereſt, plainly (as by a Noonday Sun) diſcovering their Errors, groſs Idolatries. He would have proceeded, but heat of Zeal prompted her haſtily to Interrupt him, ſtamping on the Ground, and ſaying Surely *Bernard* you are Diſtracted, or elſe what's worſe, a *Heretick*: I took you to be wiſer and more Reaſonable when I diſcourſed you the other day. Truly, *Madam*, replyed he, as for my being in my right Senſes, I bleſs Almighty God, he has in his Mercy hitherto continued them to me; and for my being a *Heretick*, Pardon me, if St. *Paul* anſwers for me in his Expreſſions when he was accus'd before *Felix*, *But this* (ſaith he) *I confeſs unto thee, after the way which they call Hereſie, ſo Worſhip I the God of my Fathers; believing all things that are Written in the Law & the Prophets.* Upon this, *Deidamia*, who by Nature, was all Goodneſs, Gentleneſs, and Affableneſs, began to moderate her Anger, & to conſider a little what he had ſaid; yet her Zeal for the Religion ſhe profeſſed, made her mildly Rebuke him, and lay before him the Danger he was in, if his Opinion was diſcovered; bidding him

him to be Cautious and Wise in what he did; though for her part he need not fear but she would lock up what she had Discovered in her Breast, and it should pass no further; & so departing, left him in some Confusion.

*Deidamia* retiring to her Chamber, began to Consider on what had Passed, and remembred she had often wept in her tender Years, when she heard the Cruelties the *Roman Catholicks* used towards the *Hugonots*, or *Protestants* in *France*, and disapproved of their Persecuting Spirit, as not of God, whose chiefest Attribute is *Mercy*, tender *Compassion*, and *Forgiveness*; when on the contrary, the found those who made Religion so much their boast, so very Cruel, that far from the Instance of our Saviour's refusing to call for Fire from Heaven to Consume those that had injuriously and despightfully used him, they made their very Worship and Devotions a Snare, to bring those under their cruel Handlings, who had in no wise Offended them, but in being separated from them, and moving according to the Dictates of their Consciences. She had likewise observed the harmlessness and Inoffensive manner of Living in the Persecured, and often shewed some Dislike of the Looseness and Unchristian Practices of the Persecutors; so that although she had a good Opinion of the *Romish* Religion, as having been brought up in it from her Infancy, yet had she not so of many of the Professors of it, who apparently Derogated from the ways of Virtue, and seemed to Encourage Vice.

This

This wrought ſome labourings, in her Mind, through the Gracious Operation of the Holy Spirit; and in her Night Thoughts more Seriouſly reflecting on many Things, and Particularly on the Gardiner's Expreſſion out of St. *Pauls* Words to *Felix* the Governour, inferring from thence, That it muſt be the Sincerity of the Heart towards God more than the ſhew or outward Name, or Profeſſion of any Religion, that renders the Perſon, acceptable in his ſight. In the midſt of theſe Cogitations and Debates within her ſelf, ſhe found ſomething (as 'twere by an over-ruling Power) ſtrongly move her to a Deſire for further Converſing with the Man, about the Fundamentals of his Religion; which by the Popiſh Prieſts, as well in their Pulpits, as private Converſation, had been repreſented ſo Odious, Damnable, and to be Deteſted

The Morning no ſooner ſummoned the Gardiner to Viſit the Flowers and Plants, and perform his uſual Task in Watering & Ordering them: But *Deidamia*, who had taken little Reſt that Night, aroſe; & having performed her Orations, and then refreſhing her ſelf with a moderate Refection, to be an Opportunity between that and Dinner, came to enter the Garden privately, at a Door that opened into it from her Apartment; & to Screen the better what ſhe intended, from prying Eyes, took divers turns, and Gathered Poſies of Flowers, and then Fanning her ſelf,

ſelf, as if the heat had offended her, paſſing many winding Alleys, overſpread with pleaſant Shades; ſhe came to the before-mentioned Arbour, and again ſurprized the Gardiner in his Medirations. The Man was not under any Conſternation at her coming, but riſing & bowing low, would have departed, out of good Manners, to give her the ſole freedom of that pleaſant Bower; but ſhe laid her Commands on him to ſtay, ſaying, She had conſidered of his former Diſcourſe, and had made it her Buſineſs to find him out, that he might give her ſome better Reaſon for the Opinion he held, than yet he had done.

His Modeſty, and the humble Thoughts he conceived of himſelf, would ſcarce give him leave to ſit down, though ſhe often Commanded him ſo to do; but at laſt he Complyed, and then ſhe asked him.

*Upon what Ground and Foundation the Baſis of this Religion was fixed?*

*Gardiner.* It is founded on the Scriptures of the Old and New *Teſtament*, which were Written by Men, inſpired by the Holy Ghoſt, and given for our Inſtruction and Learning; it is only the Word of God that can Warrant the Truth of any Profeſſion in Religious Matters; and that we *Proteſtants* (through God's Aſſiſtance) Labour to Conform and Live up to the Holy Precepts thereof.

Deidamia. *Ay, but you may be Miſtaken in the miſinterpreting the Scriptures, and ſo fall into grea Hereſies, as our Church charges you; and therefore*

*has strictly Forbid the Layety of our Communion to meddle with them, least like Weapons put into the Hands of Idiots, or Madmen, they Injure themselves and others thereby.*

*Gard.* Ah Lady, shall I be free, & deal plainly with you in this Point?

Dei. *With all my heart, let me hear what you can say in Answer to it?*

*Gard.* All Scriptures are given for our Learning; God is pleased when Men are willing we should know his revealed Will, that we may be the better Enabled to perform it: St. *Paul* commends the *Bereans*, and calls them Noble, because they searched the Scriptures, to see whether the things they heard were so or no; and we have many Commands for this; as *Seek ye the Book of the Lord and Read*, Isa. 34. 16. *They were more Noble, in that they searched the Scriptures daily.* Acts 17. 11. *Let the Word of God dwell richly in you*, Coloss 3. 3. 16 *From a Child thou hast known the Scriptures*, 2 Tim. 3. 15. *Take the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God*, Eph. 6. 17. And many others that I might mention which are to be found in the Scriptures; and this is not commanded to some, but to all that seek for Salvation.

Dei. *Certainly if our Church had seen this fit, they would not have denyed it; but being Dangerous to Souls, it ought to be Restrained.*

*Gard.* It is indeed Dangerous to break God's Commandments, and to teach men so to do, & to make the Word of God of none Effect, by Humane Tradition. We know the Woes Christ

Christ pronounced against the *Pharisees* for these things.

Dei. *Why who are Guilty of this? The Church of* Rome, *the Holy Catholick Church, as it has many Ages been Stiled, is surely Unspotted of such Crimes.*

*Gard.* I wish I could say it was not, but it deeply is Guilty, as in many other Particulars, so most Eminently in this, That it professes no Man is obliged to receive the Scriptures as the Word of God, or to believe any of it, but for the Testimony of your Church; and to Awe Men unto such a belief, threats of Damnation are used, as well as the Magistrates Swords, and cruel Torments by *Inquisition*; and indeed it is not done without Ground: This is done to hinder prying into the gross Idolatries, Errors and Superstitions, Derogatorie to the Scriptures and expres Command of God.

Dei. *Sure you are beside your self: Nor can you prove this; but being fallen from the Church, do this only in Prejudice and Spight to lay a Stain upon it's Virgin Innocence.*

*Gard.* No; it is apparent from the Word of God, and even from Reason it self, in those that will Consider, and are not blinded with Ignorance, which your *Church* in her Sense truly Stiles the Mother of Devotion.

Dei. *Can any such thing be in a Church that is Infallible? And to prove that it is so, it is said to be Built upon St.* Peter; *he is the* Rock *spoken of; and this* Rock *doth together with St.* Peter *include his Successor, and the Church Built on this*

Rock (*that is united to, and built upon the Pope*) *is Infallible, for it is said,* The Gates of Hell shall not prevail against it

*Gard.* Pardon me, Lady, if I say there is no Agreement among the Church-Men about this earthly Infallible Judge; some will have it be in the *Pope*, some in a General Council, and others in both; none of your Writers having yet Concluded on it. However, those Words are Perverted, for it is more Probable that not *Peters Person*, but his Doctrine or Confession concerning Christ, is the Rock upon which the Church is built: Scripture is it's best Interpreter; it is not *Peter*, but *Christ* is the Foundation of the Church, as here in my Bible you may see, by the 28*th* Chap. and 16*th* Verse of *Isaiah*, compared with 1 *Pet.* 2 6, 7, 8 which you may please to Read; [*which she did.*] It is moreover expresly said, 1 Cor. 3 11. *Other Foundation can no man lay, but that that is laid, which is Jesus Christ*: And this is the more considerable, because he speaks against those that made the Apostles to be Foundations, saying, *I am of Paul, another of Apollos, or Cephas*; and if this be spoke of *Peter*, no more is said of him here, than is spoke of all the Prophets and Apostles, Eph. 2. 20. *We are built upon the Foundation of the Apostles and Prophets.*

*Dei. Well, I am not much Learned in this Mystery; but pray, what as Erroneous can you assign in our Worship, or any other thing the Church holds as Absolutely Necessary*

*Gard.* The paying Divine Adoration to Angels,

gels and Saints, expresly contrary to God's Commands, and Derogatory to his Honour, who alone ought to be Worshipped in Heaven and Earth; and to Worship any other, either Saint or Angel, or any Creature, is Idolatry, & a breach of the Second Commandment.

Dei. *Nay, not too hasty; we do not Worship the Angels & Saints as God, with the highest Worship which is only proper to God; but with an Inferiour Kind of Religious Worship, that they may Present our Supplications to him.*

*Gard.* There is no Intercessor or Mediator but Christ Jesus, who is appointed to perform that Office; *If any man want Wisdom let him ask of God*, James 1. 5. Neither of Saints nor Angels. *Come to me*, saith our Saviour, *and I will in no wise cast you out.* This free Invitation shows us he alone is to receive our Petitions, and present them to his Father. There is also *Image-Worship* brought Cunningly in by Priests, to gain Worldly Advantage, and pretended Miracles, to draw the Ignorant to pay their Devotion more at one place than another, imposing on the Ignorant for Lucre sake. I could say much more, but I fear to offend you.

Dei. *No, you do not: But let us come nearer to the main Controversie; What think you of Transubstantiation? Is not Christ Corporally present in the Sacrament?*

*Gar.* It is a Misrepresentation of our Saviour's Words, for if he had so meant as the Church of *Rome* holds it, when he brake the Bread he must have held himself in his own Hands, and Eat himself; yet still sit whole and entire at the

Table; his whole Body muſt be in the Mouth of every Communicant at once, & that Body in Millions of places at a time, broke & unbroken, and be ſubject to Putrefaction; and therefore the Words, *This is my Body*, doth only intend, *This doth ſignifie my Body*; and upon the ſame Account our Saviour is called, a *Door*, a *Rock*, a *Vine*; yet none can be ſo void of Underſtanding, to believe he was turned into any of theſe; and therefore when he brake the Bread, & gave the Cup, he did it only that when Chriſtian Congregations were met on ſolemn Occaſions to Celebrate his Worſhip, they ſhould do it in *Remembrance of him*, till his coming in Glory at the Laſt Day, as the immediate Words explain; and it is Abſurd to believe that the Prieſts uttering a few words over a Water, can make it a God, or that Body entirely as it was offered on the Croſs.

Deid. *You amaze me: But, Pray, what do you hold about* Purgatory? *Is there ſuch a place where Souls are to indure their Purgation after Death, that go not immediately to Heaven; and by Maſſes and Prayers, may be releaſed ſooner or later.*

*Gar.* It is a Tradition lately brought in, & with it hath brought much increaſe of Wealth to the Church. The Word of God allows only Heaven for thoſe who ſhall be made Veſſels of Mercy, and Hell for thoſe whoſe Sins have provoked him to caſt them down to thoſe diſmal Regions of Sorrow, and Eternal Woes: No Prayers after Death being available.

Deid. *Theſe Notions are as New as Strange to*

*me.*

me. *Have you any Authentick Proof for this.*

*Gard.* Yes; The revealed Word of God is a Sacred Proof beyond all Denyal: *The Rich Man in Hell lifted up his Eyes, being in Torment,* Luk. 16 23. *They ſhall ſit down with* Abraham, *and* Iſaack, *and* Jacob, *in the Kingdom of Heaven, but the other ſhall be caſt into utter Darkneſs, where ſhall be Weeping and Gnaſhing of Teeth,* Mat. 28. 12. *He that Believeth ſhall be Saved, and he that Believeth not ſhall be Damned,* Mark 16. 16. Here is no ſuch thing as a *Purgatory,* to be found; it is only the Blood of Chriſt that purgeth us from our Sins; and from all Uncleanneſs of Fleſh and Spirit, to preſent our Souls Blameleſs & Unſpotted to his Father: By this I underſtand thoſe that Dye in the Lord need not our Prayers; & thoſe that Dye in their Sins, and are out of his Favour, no Prayers can avail them; for in the Grave there is no Repentance: *As the Tree falls, ſo it muſt lye,* as the Wiſe man ſays, *Whether it falls towards the North, or towards the South, where it falls, there it muſt lie.* There is only the two Extreams, *North,* and *South*; no Middle way, or Purgatory for it to fall in. And as Death leaves us, ſo Judgment will aſſuredly find us.

He would have proceeded, but ſhe ſtopt him, ſaying, *Pray how long have you been of this Opinion?*

*Gard.* Ever ſince God was pleaſed to Enlighten me with his Grace, to be attentive to his holy Word, and to be Guided by it.

*Dud. Was you ever then of the Church of Rome?*

*Gard.* In my younger Years I was; but through Mercy, being made Senſible by the Scriptures

of the Corruptions and Errors of that Church, by the Aſſiſtance of a Worthy Divine, I hope with St. *Paul*, Nothing ſhall be able to Separate me from the Love of God, which is in Jeſus Chriſt. I will not offend your *Ladiſhips* chaſte Ears with the Hiſtory of the Debaucheries and wicked Lives of divers *Popes*, and moſt of the Clergy; but will pray Heaven to defend you from either their *Luſt* or *Revenge*: And ſince I have by a free Confeſſion put my Life into your Hands, I humbly Submit it to your Goodneſs to---,

Here again ſhe interrupted him, & Demanded, *Why the Religion he Profeſſed was called the* Proteſtant Religion?

*To which he Reply'd*, As for being ſo called, it is to diſtinguiſh it from that of the *Romiſh*; it came from ſeveral Princes and Cities of *Germany*, who upon the Preaching of good Men, & their Exemplary Lives, Proteſted againſt the Uſurpations of the *Romiſh* Church & it's Errors. That it was no New *Doctrine*, but the Truth of Primitive Chriſtianity, Confeſſed, Aſſerted, and Purged from the Corruptions of Popery, taking the revealed Will of God for its Guide.

At this *Deidamia* Pauſed a while; & then taking his Bible looked over the Sacred Proofs he had turned down in order; & her Colour went and came, ſo that he eaſily perceived her Mind was labouring under ſome Difficulties, and ſo giving it him again, ſhe went away without ſpeaking a word.

This

This somewhat perplexed the Gardiner, as fearing she was Displeased with what he had said; but her sending for him privately to her Chamber the next Morning under the Notion of bringing her some choice Flowers, banished all Fear in him; when they two being only left together, she gently Led him into her Closet, and shutting the Door to be more private, *said*, O *Bernard*, (fetching a deep Sigh) your Yesterdays Discourse has much broken my last Nights Rest; I have been Meditating on it, and find abundance of Reason in what you say; you have (as St. *Paul* said in another case) *almost perswaded me to be of your Perswasion*: I wish to God, most Virtuous Lady, (*Replyed he*,) I might be an humble Instrument in God's hand, to do any thing that may redound to his Glory, and the Good and Welfare of your Precious and Immortal Soul, without hazarding your Temporal Quiet and Peace, or exposing you to any Danger; though, *for a Crown of Life and Immortality*, all Earthly things are to be Despised, and the holy Apostle accounts all this Worlds Good *but as Dross and Dung, in comparison of enjoying Christ Jesus*. Well, (*said she*) that is my Aim, & if God enable me with his assisting Grace, I hope, through his Mercy, to attain it. I have indeed, (*continued she*) to my great Grief, observed the Loose and Prophane manner of Living of those that profess our Religion, alledging that a Confession, with Absolution,

and

and ſome other Works, will purge them from their Sins, and gain them that Bleſſedneſs in the End, which I could never heartily believe they would obtain by them: And ſince I have more ſeriouſly conſidered Gods Word, expreſly to the contrary, I cannot believe that any thing but a ſincere and unfeigned Repentance in the courſe of an unſpotted Life, can purchaſe (through the Merits of my Saviour) thoſe endleſs Glories, & tranſcendant Bleſſings that God has promiſed to poor Mortals,...She would have proceeded, but the falling Tears ſtopt her Utterance, and *Bernard* had an inward rejoycing to ſee her brought to this paſs, whereupon he Comforted her with good Advice, and the Cordials of God's Mercies and Promiſes. In brief, he made her more ſenſible of the Errors ſhe had been brought up in, and then opened (from point to Point) the Cheat of pretended Miracles, and Relicks, the impoſing on People with Pardons and Indulgences to get Money; the Whoredoms, Murthers, and Inceſts of many *Popes*, *Cardinals* and Prelates of the Romiſh Church; their Unreaſonableneſs in prohibiting Prieſts Marriage, which is immediately appointed by God, and the allowing them by *Canons* and Decrees the Embraces of Concubines, or to commit Adultery, expreſly contrary to the Command of the Almighty, for as much as he has expreſly ſaid, *Thoſe that do theſe things ſhall not inherit Eternal Life.* He would have proceeded, but hearing the ſound of Feet coming up Stairs, ſhe haſtened him down a back way with ſo much precipitation, that he left

left his Bible behind him, which she luckily seeing, Locked up in her *Scrutore*.

I have told you before, That Father *Antonio* the Priest, forgetting his Function, Duty and Distance, give way to his unruly and lawless Passion, and was then blundering up Stairs, to find her in Private, having almost flustered himself with Wine, on purpose, either to be the more Confident in his wicked Design, to tell her the Story of his Nauseous Love, or rather Lust; or, that if being Reproved, he might have some slender Excuse for his impertinency, and lay (as too many do) the blame of their Folly on that which is rather an Aggravation of their Crime, *i. e.* their *Drunkenness*; and so surprizing, however he came, that putting his Nose over the upper Step, just as the Gardiner posted out at the private Door, he had a Glimpse of the back-Parts of his Garments, as it afterward appeared; but at that time took no Notice of any such thing. *Deidamia* seeing *Antonio* coming towards her in a very pleasant Humour, Demanded with a modest Decency, what Occasion brought him hither to disturb her Retirement?

*Ah* (said the impudent Priest, who could not long keep down his boyling Passion) *your two fair Eyes sweet Lady, like Load stones, have drawn me me to you; that beauteous Tempting Face of yours, has made me forget my self, with my Duty to my Lord, and the Trust he has reposed in me.* Why certainly, said *Deidamia*, (calling in all her Patience to bridle her Passion) you are beside

your

your self *Antonio*---What mean you by this kind of Diſcourſe? *If I am beſide my ſelf* (replyed he almoſt Crying) *your fair ſelf is the cauſe of it, whoſe Beauties like Arrows, have Wounded my Heart, and Sickned my Brain; I wiſh I had never ſeen ſuch Amiableneſs in Woman-kind; but ſince I have been ſo Unfortunate as to be your Fettered Captive, take ſome Compaſſion on me, and eaſe my Sufferings.* What Sufferings? Replyed *Deidamia* Frowning; or, What can be the Senſe of all this loofe Stuff? *Why then* (Replyed he) *to be Serious, in plain Terms I love you; and that ſo paſſionately, that unleſs you Condeſcend to make me ſuitable Returns, I ſhall have no peace nor quiet; but muſt be Miſerable and Wretched Eternally.* Then (ſaid ſhe) be you ſo: What have you ſeen of any Looſe or Misbecoming Behaviour in me, that you would dare to ſpeak thus to me? This, like a Thunder-bolt, ſtruck him Mute; when ſmoothing her Brows, and growing a little calmer, ſhe ſaid, Come, come, *Antonio*, I took you for another Man; you profeſs Sanctity, and admoniſh others to lead a Holy Life; is this Pretention then Real, or is it only Feigned, to try my Virtue? *I proteſt* ſaid he, lifting up both his hands, *it is Real, and I cannot help it.* Why, ſaid ſhe, would you Commit ſo great a Wickedneſs if you might, and make your ſelf and me Guilty of a Crime ſo Heinous? *Ah Lady*, replyed he, *if that be all, I can Abſolve you by the power given me from the See of* Rome; *Conſent but to let me Enjoy you, your penance ſhall be always eaſie;*

Like

*I'le get a Diſpenſation for your Marriage-Vows from the Pope, with Pardons, Indulgences, or any thing for Sins paſt, and thoſe that are to Come: Nay, I'll do any thing, ſo I do not fall under your Diſpleaſure: Let me alone for the Reſt, and* ----

This Inſolence ſo much Diſpleaſed the Vertuous Lady, that ſhe could hear no more, nor bear it any longer; but Commanded him out of her Preſence: Yet could not be rid of him, till ſhe Threatened to call up the reſt of her Servants, Whereupon he went Muttering away; and for two Days after, as much as poſſible he could, he ſhunned coming into her Preſence; which much Pleaſed her; for ſhe could not behold him but with Horror & Deteſtation.

This Attempt, however, in one Senſe, (thro' the over-ruling *Providence* and *Goodneſs* of God, who is wonderful in Counſel, excellent in Working, and can make the greateſt Wickedneſs of his Creatures, ſerve the Purpoſe of his own Glory) worked to her *Advantage*; for ſhe *Believed* now all *true* which the Gardiner had told her, about the Wicked Debauched *Lives* of the *Romiſh Clergy*, ſince this Villanous *Prieſt* had not Scrupled to proffer the *Pope's* Pardon for no leſs than *Adultery*; and that before it was Committed; by which means or Encouragement, ſhe plainly ſaw it muſt conſequently be, that they frequently tempted eaſie and ignorant people to the Commiſſion of many Sins: Therefore ſhe Reſolved to leave theſe *blind Guides*, & take the *Word of God* for her *Leader* and *Inſtructor*; forbearing to come to *Confeſſion*, or hear

*Maſs*, ſometimes upon Pretence of Indiſpoſition and at other times purpoſely going Abroad, a the uſual times of either; and holding ſome o ther Conferences with the Gardiner, which ( to Particulars ) for Brevity's ſake I muſt of Ne ceſſity paſs over.

She found in her ſelf a ſtrong *Averſion* to th *Religion* ſhe had been brought up in, and ha ving procured a *Bible* in the *French* Tongue took ſuch Delight in Reading it, that whenev ſhe had time to Retire, it was not out of he Hand; yet ſhe kept this as ſecret as poſſible, an not being ready at it her ſelf, got the Gardene to turn her down ſuch Proofs as were *th ſtrongeſt Arguments againſt the Errors of Popery, and where the Abominations of the Myſtical Baby lon were Pointed at.* This he Joyfully did, and gave Praiſe to God, who had made him Inſtrumental in ſo good a Work; though he was no Ignorant his Life was liable to Pay for it, if it were Diſcovered: She likewiſe laid aſide her *Beads* and *Crucifix*, Converſed no more with *Roſaries*, or the *Legends of Pretended Saints*; & though ſhe found ſome Temptations & Fears at the beginning, yet frequently Praying to God, ſhe overcame *Satans Wiles*, and found abundance of Joy and Comfort enlightening her Soul, ſo that ſhe could not forbear breaking out in to Raptures of Praiſes and Thanksgiving, for the wonderful Change ( by ſo ſtrange and unexpected a Means ) wrought in her Soul.

Whilſt this Vertuous Lady and the Gardiner held their private Correſpondence, in Diſcourſing

ſing of the things of God, and in Encouraging and Exhorting each other to Perſeverance and ſtedfaſtneſs in the Truth, *Antonio* & *Fronovius* equally burning with Luſtful deſires to enjoy the tender Beauties of the fair *Deidamia*, were Plotting and Contriving how their Lawleſs deſigns might beſt be brought about; tho' each Plotted by himſelf; (for as yet they were ignorant of each others Paſſion.) The Villanous *Frieſt* (as you have already heard) had been Repulſed with Indignation by the Chaſte Lady, which inwardly tormented him, and brought him almoſt to his Wits-end; but the other (*Fronovius*) had made no tryal of her Virtues, and waited a favourable Opportunity to do it; and therefore he thinks, medirates, and caſts many things in his Mind, till at laſt his Paſſion emboldening him) he reſolved to break the Ice with a Letter; and if ſhe took no notice of that, to ſecond it with his Perſonal Addreſs; but how he ſhould do this with Privacy and Safety, he was at a ſtand for a time; for he feared to truſt any Body to deliver it, leaſt his Criminal Love ſhould take Air; and to deliver it ſelf would look Daſtardly, Pall'd and Inſipid; as if he was not capable, or at leaſt durſt not ſpeak for himſelf; however in a little while he met with a fit Opportunity; for *Deidamia* accidentally dropping her Handkerchief as ſhe paſſed through a large Gallery that led to her Apartment, he careſully took it up, and folding up his Letter in it (which he had ready Sealed by him) he gave it to her Gentlewoman to carry it to her

Lady, telling her he found it in the Long Gallery; the Gentlewoman knowing the Handkerchief to be her Lady's, immediately carried it to her; who received it from her without knowing any thing of the Letter being in it; & afterwards accidently taking the Handkerchief out of her Pocket, the Letter dropt out upon the Ground, which she taking up, and looking on the *Superscription*, was extreamly Surpriz'd to find it Directed to her Self; & hastily Opening it, was much more so, to find the *Contents* thereof to be as follows:

PArdon me, *most Lovely* Deidamia, *if your Beauty makes me forget the Station I am in, and emboldens me to own a Passion I have Laboured in vain to hide; to be brief,* Dear Lady, *I am so Captivated by your Charms, and singular Perfections, that I am constrained to say, I Love you infinitely above all Mortal Creatures; and since it appears to me unreasonable any one Man should Monopolize so inestimable a Treasure, give me leave to hope; and not suffer me to Languish and Dye, but render the Balm of your Kindness to Cure the Wounds which your bright Eyes have made in your otherways Wretched Servant,* Fronovius

The Reading of this Letter fill'd her with Blushes, Anger and Amazement, at the unparallel'd Boldness and Villany of the Author of it, and at first was resolving to commit it to the Flames, or to tear it in pieces; but on second Thoughts, she laid it up in her Closet,

ſet, where ſhe Vexed & Fretted her ſelf that ſhe was thus left amongſt ſuch ungrateful Wretches, that dared ſo much to ſuſpect her Virtues, and meaſure them by their own wicked & filthy Inclinations, as to preſume ſhe ſhould Defile her Marriage Bed: Sometimes ſhe Fancied again, her Lord might have left private Orders with them to try her Chaſtity; but then ſhe found in her ſelf, ſhe had never given him any Occaſion to Suſpect her, and therefore the Fault muſt be in her innocent Beauty, which had ſtirred up their brutiſh Luſt: Whereupon ſhe tenderly Wept, & wiſhed her ſelf far leſs Amiable, ſeeing it was ſo dangerous to her Repoſe; & ſhe was more grieved for this Diſcovery than the former; for ſhe knew the Prieſt had ſomething of the liberty in him, but this Man ſhe had always held to be honeſt & vertuouſly inclined till now; & to him ſhe thought to have diſcovered *Antonio*'s Folly, if he perſiſted in it; that by Shame and Reproofs he might have Reclaimed him. But now ſhe found her ſelf very much miſtaken, & ſcarce knew who to truſt; & could not therefore but tremble at the Apprehenſions of ſome Violence that might be offered her from the Luſtful Miſcreants, whoſe ſight now very much diſpleaſed her. She thought once or twice of Diſplacing them; but found their Authority in the Family was ſo great, that in her Lord's Abſence ſhe could not do it: Whereupon ſhe fell on her Knees to Implore God's Mercy & Protection, Commending her ſelf wholly to his Care & Providence, & begging of Him to be her Guardian & Protector.

Though *Deidamia's* Mind on these Surprizing Attempts on her Honour, was variously Tossed, she at last came to a settled Resolution prudently to conceal what had passed, at least till her Lord came Home, for fear of Scandal and Disturbance: Yet *Fronovius* might well read in her Countenance wherever he came into her Presence, that she had read his Letter, & how she resented it; which made him struggle to overcome his Passion, but in vain; for like Oyl thrown on Fire, the Opposition his lewd desires met with, made them burn the fiercer; so that he resolved to find an Opportunity to throw himself at her Feet, and discover his Passion to her by word of mouth; and whilst he waited for a convenient Time and Place to do it, he perceived the Gardiner often to come in & go out very chearful, as highly pleased and contented; and that though he only carried her *Fruits* and *Flowers*, yet his Frantick Passion & Jealousie made him believe there was something more in it. *Antonio* the *Priest* had also observed the like, and had much the same Sentiments, which emboldened them the more to persist in their wicked and unclean Desires, and to continue to Persecute the chaste Lady with their detested Proffers of lawless Love; concluding that if one of so low a Rank could be in Favour, they in time could not miss of obtaining what they sought; and so blinded with Passion, and pursuing what they aimed at (though as has been said unknown to each other, for as yet they had not compared Notes) they kept a watchful Eye upon the Actions

ons of *Deidamia*, whose Mind was taken up in Contemplating the Divine Perfections of him who is Fairer than the Children of Men, and more and more Strengthened in the Truth and Excellency of the Reformed Religion, placing her whole study & delight therein; blessing and praising God that by so wonderful and unexpected a means he had been pleased to bring her out of Darkness and Error, into the marvellous Light of his Truth; and had engaged her Heart to embrace and entertain it above her chiefest Joy; partly looking on the Trouble she had from *Antonio* and *Fronovius*, those Brethren in Iniquity, as Temptations, or Tryal to Confirm her the more, by overcoming them, in the Doctrin she had so lately Embraced; in which she firmly resolved to persevere against all Temptations whatever, that should befal her in this Life.

But whilst these things passed, *Fronovius* who had received no other Answer to his Letter, but *Deidamia's* angry & much changed countenance towards him, which he would not take for an absolute Repulse, and therefore was resolved to have her positive Answer: To obtain which, as *Deidamia* was one Morning leaning upon the Window in her Chamber, & looking into the Garden, he stole softly up Stairs, and was got into her Chamber just behind her, before she heard him, when suddenly turning about, & seeing him in a very dejected posture, she was very much surpriz'd and trembled at the sight; whilst he by many words endeavour'd to show the greatness of his Passion; but having somewhat recollected

her

her Spirits, she with an angry countenance spake to him thus: *Why, how now,* Fronovius? *What business have you here, thus to steal into my Chamber unawares? This is such an Effronted piece of Impudence and Rudeness as better becomes a Thief than the Steward of my Household; and yet the filthy Errand that you come on, is far more Criminal than your coming: What have you ever seen of Lightness in my Carriage that should make you thus audacious, or give you the least hope to succeed in your unlawful and wicked Desires? I command you to be gone; and know that if you persist any longer in your Impudence and Folly, I will speedily take those Methods, that shall issue in your deserved Shame and Confusion.*

He would have Replied, but she forthwith went out of the Chamber, and would not stay to hear him.

This absolute denial & severe reprimand, fill'd *Fronovius* full of Confusion; & had almost made him hopeless; but after some recollection, he strongly Fancied, that the Opposition he met with, proceeded not from the Lady's Virtue, but from the greater Inclination she had to some Rival, who enjoyed those Favours which he had been pursuing; and he suppos'd the Gardiner to be the Man, because she had show'd him some particular Marks of her Favour since the departure of the Count *Alanson*. Being thus perswaded, he was Resolved (if it were possible) to make a plain Discovery; & to this end he planted himself privately in the Evening near the Back Stairs that led out of the Garden into *Des-*

*damia's*

*damia's* Apartment (for that way he thought his ſuppoſed Rival muſt come.) And indeed he had not waited long before a perſon came by, and went up thoſe Stairs; whom he ſoftly followed to the Stair-foot; the Darkneſs of the Night hindred him from Diſcerning who the perſon was that went by him, but he doubted not but it was the Gardiner, and having liſtned at the bottom of the Stairs, hearing no Door open, nor no Key to turn, he imagined the Door was left open on purpoſe, and therefore reſolved to go up himſelf, and ſurprize them in the very Act of their unlawful Love: He had no ſooner reſolved this, but he hears ſome-body coming ſoftly down Stairs; aſſoon as the perſon came to the bottom of the Stairs, *Fronovius* boldly Seizes on him, and demands what Buſineſs he had there at that late time of Night: But was extreamly ſurprized to find that inſtead of *Bernard* the Gardiner, this unknown Perſon was *Antonio* the *Prieſt*; whom then *Fronovius* thought had been with *Deidamia*. Upon which ſpeaking big words to *Antonio*, and threatning to kill him for the Diſhonour he had done his Lord, in Violating of his Bed: The poor *Prieſt* (who was almoſt Dead with Fear, and extreamly confounded at this Accident) tremblingly told *Fronovius*, That if he would ſave his Life, he would ingeniouſly tell him all he knew; which ſo moderated the Anger of *Fronovius*, that from Threatning of him fell to asking him Queſtions; and *Antonio*

not

not yet rid of his Fears, told him the Story of his Love, Addreſſes, violent Paſſion, and the Repulſes he met with: That however being jealous of the Gardiner, and not finding him in his Lodging (for it ſeems *Deidamia* had newly appointed him another, unknown to *Antonio*) he ſuſpected he might be with his Lady; where Deſiring to Detect him, and bring him to ſecret Puniſhment, he had undertaken to come at this unſeaſonable time; but the Doors being faſt Locked, and after a long Liſtening, hearing no Stir nor Whiſpering, was returning back again to watch a more favourable Opportunity, that he might not on ſlight Grounds or Uncertainty lay ſuch a thing to their Charge.

*Fronorius* finding the *Prieſt* had been Repulſed and Reproved as well as he, and that his Thoughts were the ſame with his as to the ſuſpected Rival, having huſhed his preſent Fears, and declared to him, though ſomewhat Myſterious and Darkly, his own Affections, &c They went to *Antonio's* Chamber, where they entred into a Combination ſo Helliſh and Malicious, that it wrought many Woes and Miſeries, both to the Virtuous *Deidamia*, and the Gardiner, till by the Mercy of God, to the utter ſhame, horror and confuſion of the Contrivers, they were turned to Bleſſings, to rejoyce the injured, and clear their Innocence, after many inexpreſſible Sufferings.

Whilſt theſe wicked men were thus plotting to Revenge their Repulſes, *Deidamia* was thoughtful of her Safety; ſometimes ſhe Determined to Write

Write to *Alanſon*, to remember his Promiſe, & haſten his Return; but then ſhe Concluded that though his Preſence might reform theſe Diſorders, yet to deſert an Army where Fame ſpoke ſo loud of him, upon any private Occaſion, would Derogate from his Honour; and then ſhe Conſidered, that ſhe could not hide from him the Religion ſhe had Embraced ſince his Departure, for ſhe could not Diſſemble if ſhe was taxed with it; and though his Company were dear to her, yet the Enjoyment of the other was more precious and preferrable; and that in compariſon of the Love of Chriſt, all the Love in the World was but of little value. At another time ſhe thought of Retiring to her Parents; but this ſhe fancied would be Diſpleaſing to her Lord, that in his Abſence ſhe ſhould leave the Government of his Family, which he had truſted to her Care at his Departure; and that it might beget ſome Diſcourſe among the People to her prejudice. Theſe things ſeriouſly Weighed, ſhe reſolved to remain at home, thinking time would cure the wild Diſorders that were in the Minds of thoſe two wicked Servants.

After this laſt Reſolve, ſhe retired to her Cloſet, but it was not long e're the Gardiner came to preſent her with a Paper he had drawn up by her Order, more particularly of the Fundamental *Points of the Proteſtant Religion, in oppoſition to Popery, one being compared with the other, and tryed by Scripture and the Fathers of the Primitive Times. She accepted this Paper very kindly, promiſing to look it over at her Leiſure, as a*

*Matter*

*Matter ſhe had much Deſired to be Informed in*: Whereupon he *Retired* to his Labour in *the* Garden; whilſt a Bribed Spie their Enemies had *ſet* on the Watch, was run *to* give *Information* of *the* Gardiner's being *with* his Lady; *Froncvius* was out of *the* way, but *Antonio* haſted as faſt as he could, and *ſoftly* opening *the* Spring Lock, Impudently enter'd *the* Chamber, drawing *the* Curtains of her Bed, in hopes of finding *what* he looked for *there*; *but* miſſing his Purpoſe, he ſtole *to the* ſide of her Cloſet, directed *thither* by her Voice; for *the* Pious Lady (*not* knowing any was near *to* Hear her *but* God) was fallen on her Knees, and *fervently* pouring *out* her Soul to God, in theſe Words:

O *Moſt bleſſed God, thou who art the Father of Mercies, and the God of all Conſolations, I bleſs and Praiſe thy Holy Name, that thou haſt Enlightened the Eyes of my Underſtanding with the Knowledge of thy bleſſed Truth, and that thou haſt Delivered me from that Darkneſs and Ignorance, and thoſe Antichriſtian Errors wherein I have lived ſince my Childhood, and haſt Revealed the Saving Knowledge of thy Will unto me, as it is Contained in thy bleſſed Word the holy Scriptures: O ſtrengthen my Heart in the Profeſſion of thy Truth, and Grant that I may never return back again to Popiſh Idolatry and Superſtition, nor be under the Conduct of thoſe blind Guides any more, whatever Sufferings and Trials I may be liable to, or may undergo on that Account.*

Theſe Pious Breathings of her Soul, *Antonio* to

to his great Amazement heard, and knew not what to Think, whether he ſhould Diſcover himſelf or Retire; but at laſt wickedly ſuppoſing the Fear ſhe would conceive leaſt he ſhould Diſcover what ſhe had uttered againſt the *Romiſh Religion*; or that as he Concluded ſhe was turned *Hugonot* (as they call *Proteſtants*) might induce her to Comply with his Luſt, (for Religion by his Practice no doubt was but of little Value with him) he preſented himſelf before her, rudely opening her Cloſet-door e're ſhe had time to riſe from her Knees. This continued Impudence of his much troubled her Spirits; whereupon riſing haſtily ſhe forcibly pull'd to the Door, after ſhe had given him a Thruſt back, and Lock'd her ſelf in; however it unhappily fell out, that in this Diſorder, not taking that Care as at another time ſhe would have done, that Paper which the Gardiner had newly brought her, with her haſty ſhutting the Door, flung out of her Coat, and unperceived by her, was ſhut out of the Cloſet, which *Antonio* took carfully up, and put in his Pocket, telling her (though the Door was ſhut againſt him) he had heard how ſhe Apoſtatiz'd from her Religion, and how wickedly ſhe had ſpoken of the holy *Roman Catholick* Church; and what Miſchiefs he could do her if he ſhould Diſcover it; yet for the Love he bore her, if ſhe would yield to eaſe his Paſſion, it ſhould be buried in Eternal Oblivion: But if ſhe refuſed, he had now got an Opportunity to Ruin her.

The Pious Lady, (whoſe Fervent Devo-

tions this Wretch had interrupted) Bridled, as much as Humane Frailty could do, her Paſſion; Commanding him in mild Terms to be gone, and not Wound her chaſte Ears with his hated Diſcourſe: Againſt the Injury he Threaned her, ſhe truſted in God for Protection, who is a ſtrong Tower for the Safety of all thoſe that Fly unto him; and ſhe doubted not, but when ſhe had an Opportunity to make her Lord ſenſible of it, he would, through the Favour of Almighty God, concur with her in her Opinion.

*Antonio* finding himſelf diſappointed in his main Expectation, and throughly Nettled with this Anſwer, particularly the Concluſion of it, went away; Threaning and Muttering to himſelf: And in the Anti-Chamber met *Fronovius*, who upon latter Notice was haſtening to him; to whom he had told all that he had ſeen and heard. This made them Conſult to take new Meaſures, and in Concluſion reſolved her Chaſtity, or Life ſhould be the Attonement of their Luſt and Revenge. This was no ſooner Concluded on, but *Antonio* remembred the Paper he had taken up, and taking it out of his Pocket, knew it to be the Gardiner's Hand, and at firſt ſuppoſing it to be a Love-Letter that might diſcover the Intreague between him and his Lady, was highly pleaſed; but he had ſcarce read it half over, e're he found ſuch weighty Arguments againſt the Church of *Rome*, Levelled ſo directly againſt her tor-

terin &

tering Foundation, as not only puzzled his Underſtanding, but made him ſtorm at a ſtrange rate: Whereupon *Fronovius* took it out of his Hand, and read the reſt; and in the Cloſe theſe Words, Viz *Virtuous Lady, theſe Arguments, Pro* et Contra, *I Submit to your great Wiſdom, being very Joyful in having under God, been a poor Inſtrument in Enlightening your Underſtanding to diſcern Truth from Falſhood.*

This left them no longer in Doubt who the Party was that (as they termed it) had Traduc'd her to Apoſtatize and become a Heretick, and for this conſequently to enjoy Favours ſhe denyed to them; whereupon they Vowed a bloody Revenge; but fearing that the Love *Alanſon* bore her, would not be Effac'd by the change of her Religion, eſpecially when he ſhould come to underſtand their criminal Paſſion for her, and Practices againſt her, They reſolved to make her Parents bear the blame of that Stupendious Wickedneſs which they themſelves deſign'd to be the Actors of: For they knew that her Parents were extraordinarily Bigotted to the *Romiſh* Church, and ſo were the likelieſt to deal with in this matter: Whereupon *Antonio* immediately poſted to them, and deſiring a private Conference with the Father and Mother; after many Hopocritical ſhews of Sorrow for the Diſgrace that would befal the Family, he declared what he knew of the matter, with ſome Additions; How his Lady (ſince his Lord had been abſent) had been perverted from the true *Roman Catholick* Religion by a

*Hugonot*, a Heretick. Gardiner, a Fugitive Wretch, that had been taken in ſome Years ago, upon Charity. He urged what diſhonour it would be to their Family, the Danger incurred by the King's Edicts; and laſtly the loſs of her Soul, if ſhe was not timely recovered and brought to the right Fold from whence ſhe had perverſly Strayed. Then he began to Magnify the Pious Care and Pains he had taken to keep her in the right Way, and to prevent her falling into ſuch an Unpardonable Sin; but that the Devil had been too hard for his Induſtry and Labours, through God's high Sufferance, to bring ſome great Judgment on her for her Haughtineſs and Contempt, &c.

This being delivered in a Tone very moving and paſſionate, ſeeming altogether in Pity to *Deidamia*; made the Father Sigh, and the Old Lady burſt out in Tears, wringing their Hands, and bewailing the Miſeries of their Aged Years, in this (as they *th n.* termed it) worſt of Misfortunes that could befal them; that the only Branch of their Family that ſhould Convey it to Poſterity, had made her ſelf a Caſt-away, for ſo in their Paſſionate Mood they expreſs'd her to be. *Antonio* was glad to ſee them thus Wrought; and the Storm of their firſt Grief ſpending it ſelf, and being allayed by falling Tears, they began to conſult more Maturely how this Misfortune might be Reverſed; and after many things were Debated, *Antonio's* Device of Lodging her in a *Nunnery* (where ſhe might be Reſtrained from *Heretick* Books,

as.

as he said, and the Company of any Seducers, and also be instructed by Vertuous *Nuns*, till her Lord came Home, and Determine what might further be done in it ) was approved.

What was to be done with the Gardiner was the next thing to be Consulted, whether to make him away secretly; or deliver him up to Justice; the Priest was for the former, but the Parents Consciences was tender in that, and could not consent to such a Wickedness; but *Antonio* Alledged, that the whole Business would be made Publick if he were delivered up to Justice, and their Daughter would be brought in as Criminal, and perhaps for her Obstinacy her Lord might lose his Honours and Preferments at Court. This made them consider further, and at last left it to the wicked Priest, or those he should appoint, to do, as he or they pleased. They would have born him Company to *Alanson's* House to see what their Perswasion might do, but he Urged it would only be a means to discover the Matter; and that it would be the best for them to come and moderate things when the Count came Home, of which he would give *them the* first *Notice*, since at present what was to be done required Secrecy; that in the mean time she should be Provided for as became her Quality; and that such a place as he mentioned, with Time and Company, was the best Cure to jostle those wild Notions out of her Head: Upon which, they only sent her a Letter, and resolved not to go themselves So *Antonio* returned well satisfied to his wicked Companion.

*Deidamia*

*Deidamia* (who was ignorant of this) miſſing her Paper, and not doubting which way it went, taking more Care for *Bernard* the Gardiner than her ſelf, thought by it he would be Diſcovered; wherefore ſhe ſent for him, gave him a handful of Gold, and Commanded him to ſhift for himſelf; telling him what had paſſed, and the Danger he was in. This Command he ſeemed exceeding loath to Obey, and with Tears in his Eyes, proteſted, That for the ſake of his Religion, and in her Defence againſt any Injury or Violence, he was willing to expoſe his Life: But ſhe urged ſo many things to haſten his Departure, that he promiſed to do it; and ſo they (with ſhedding many Tears) took a long Farewel of each other.

*Bernard* was prepared to Depart as *Antonio* returned with his Orders; whereupon *Fronovius* clapped him up in the Dungeon, & that Night hired two Ruffians to carry him to the Sea Cliffs, and throw him thence Head long; and thither they carried him in a Sack on a Horſe, Gagged and Bound; but finding a Veſſel thruſt into a Creek very near the Cliffs, one of them enquired and found it belonging to a *French* Plantation in the *Weſt-Indies*; whereupon they took the Method of *Joſeph's* Brethren with the *Iſhmaelites*, to make the beſt Purchaſe of him, rather than Deſtroy and loſe it; ſo he that came to Enquire, demanded of the Maſter, *If he wanted a Lufty Servant*, he told him *Yes*; then he bargained and took the Gardiner out of the Sack, Ungagged and Unbound him, and told him, That

That though he deserved to Die for Perverting his Lady to Heresie; yet they had Compassion upon him, and would only send him to do Penance as a Slave in the *West-Indies*, and bid him accept of it Thankfully and without Muttering; and thereupon they delivered him to the Master of the Vessel, of whom they received Twelve Crowns. After which they returned, and gave an Account they had thrown him with a great Stone about his Neck from a fifty Foot Cliff into the Sea, and for it received the Reward Promised them. Nor was *Bernard* unwilling to go with his unknown Master, finding Providence had changed the Death that was designed him only into a Slavery, from whence he might Hope in time to be Releas'd. But his Care was greater for *Deidamia* than himself, for he had been used to Misfortunes, and innured to several Hardships. And her Grief was no less, that she found her self Constrained (as she supposed for his Safety) so Abruptly to part with the Man that had been an Instrument in the filling her Heart so full of heavenly Consolation; and had not laid her Commands on him to Write to her, or otherways give her secret Notice of his Abiding-place, (that she might have had further Converse with him, and been more Strengthened by him in the Profession of that Truth he had instructed her in, and which she was resolved to abide by) till she found means to restore him to his own again.

While she was Resolving on these Thoughts,

*Antonio* having ( as I before told you ) gotten a Letter from her Parents to her, wherein they laid their Commands on her till her Lord's return, *as ſhe tendered the Favour of Almighty God, their Bleſſing, and her own Honour and Safety, to be Ruled and Guided in all things by her Spiritual Paſtor.* So, ( being ignorant of his Villany ) they termed this wicked Prieſt. *And whatever he perſwaded her to for the good of her Soul and Bodily Preſervation, readily to comply with it ; to whoſe Care and Integrity, next to the Heavenly Protection, they heartily Recommended her till her Lord & Husband came Home:* This was Signed by both of them. And *Antonio* having conſulted *Froncvius* about it, they both came boldly to her Apartment, when they knew ſhe was in Private, and preſented it to her, *Charging her to Obey it as ſhe tendered her Safety:* She no ſooner looked on it, but ſhe asked them ſo many Queſtions, that by *Antonio's* Replies, ſhe was not inſenſible they had traduced her to her Parents; and after ſome juſt Reproaches told them, *It ſhould not be long before ſhe would go and Plead her own Cauſe, and doubted not ſo to juſtify her Proceedings to her Parents, that the black Villany of her baſe and treacherous Accuſers ſhould be unable to ſully the brightneſs of her Innocence.* This at firſt ſtartled them; but being reſolved to proceed in their wicked Deſigns, they plainly told her, *She was at their Diſpoſe, and that they had Orders to carry her to a Nunnery, where ſhe*

*ſhould*

*should be Honourably Used, but debarred from the Destructive Principles she had lately Imbibed, till her and their Lord returned, to take the matter into his own Hands, and determined how he pleased to Dispose of her.*

This insufferable Impudence of these Lustful Wretches, stirred up her Zeal to so much holy Anger and Detestation of what *they* proposed, that she in a great Passion protested to *Dye a thousand Deaths, if it were possible, and by the most exquisite Torments their Hellish Malice could invent, rather than to be inclosed within the Walls of a* Nunnery, *which she was Satisfied was no other than a Sink of Sin, and plausible Colour for Lewdness and Debauchery.* But they without Replying, offering to force her from the Closet, she opposed her Strength against their Rudeness, crying out for help to the rest of her Servants; but *Fronovius* who was the *Steward* and *Governour* of the Family, had so ordered the matter, that there was none of them nigh; and even those that immediately Waited upon her, were then out of Hearing: So that without any other Interruption than what her Contending gave them, they Hurried her into a close Chamber in the remotest part of the House where they Locked her in, and went to consult further how they should secretly convey her thence; whilst she (who expected after such Treatment, nothing but a Violation of her Chastity, and would much rather have embraced Death, and counted it a Favour) was pouring out of her Soul to God, and imploring his

Help,

Help in that needful time of her Trouble, an
begging of him to Strengthen her Faith, till o
a ſudden, to allay the Troubles and Affliction
of her Mind, ſuch beams of Joy and Comfor
were Darted into her Soul, that ſhe aſſured he
ſelf, *That that merciful God, whoſe gracious Prote-
ction ſhe had been ſeeking, would by ſome wonderfu
Means or other, work out Deliverance for her i
due Time.*

The Conſpirators by this time had come to a Reſult to rid themſelves (as they thought) for ever from the Fear they were in of their Villanous Practices being Diſcovered; which was this.

*Fronovius* Counterfeited a Letter in *Alanſon's* Hand ſo very Exactly, that if himſelf had ſeen it, and not well Conſidered, he might have been puzzled to diſtinguiſh from his own; and having got two Ruffians ready, the one Dreſſed purpoſely in the Habit of an Officer, and the other like a Servant attending him; *Antonio* and his Companion in Wickedneſs went to her with it, and falling on their Knees, with ſome forced Tears, *humbly implored her Pardon for the Indignities they had offered to her, beſeeching her to be their good Lady, notwithſtanding their Follies; & they would never in the like Nature Offend, nor do any thing to Diſoblige her*; with many other Proteſtations and much feigned Sorrow for their Rudeneſs and deſigns upon her Chaſtity, imploring her not to Diſcover it to her Lord.

Whilſt *Deidamia* was wondering what the ſudden Alteration in thoſe who had lately ſo

Rudely

Rudely treated her, might pretend, *Fronovius* delivered her the Letter, in which she Read these Words;

My Dear DEIDAMIA:

THo' I know that the News which these Lines will acquaint you with, cannot be Acceptable to you, yet I Conjure you by our Mutual Affections, that you suffer not your self to be Disturbed, but bear what I shall tell you with that Patience and Serenity of Mind which becomes you, as knowing it is our Duty in all things that happen to us to submit to the Divine Will. Know then, my Lovely Deidamia, that in a late Encounter with a Party of the Enemies, I happened to be Wounded by a Chance-shot, which my Chirurgeons tell me is Mortal; and fearing that it may be so, and desiring above all things here below, to have a sight of your Dear Self before I depart out of the World, I have sent the Bearer Monsr Durell, one of my Captains to Conduct you to me forthwith: Who is a Person of that Worth and Honour, that you may trust your self with him without the Trouble of any Attendants but what he brings with him, because I would have you come as speedily as may be: Which is at present all from him who is both in Life and Death,

Your ever Faithful Husband

D' ALANSON.

Charleroy,
July 12th.
1693.

At

At the Reading this she Trembled, looked Pale, and shed abundance of Tears, being in the greatest Disorder and Confusion imaginable, intreating instantly to see the Party that brought it, promising ( on the renewing their entreaties ) not to Discover their Wickedness, if by their Future Demeanour th y made an Attonement for *what* had passed; and they thereupon solemnly promising it, led her down into the Hall, where the pretended Captain and his Servant Bowed very low to her; and being before-hand Instructed, answered all her Questions so cunningly, that she verily believed the Letter to come from her Lord, and that all he said was true, desiring them to refresh themselves whilst she fitted her self with other Apparel, & took some Jewels, Gold, &c. along with her; which done, and being about four in the Evening, the innocent Dove commitied her self into the Tallons of these bloody Vultures, mounting behind the supposed Captain, who had his Instructions not to let her see the next Morning Dawn. *Antonio* and *Francvius* pretended much Sorrow at her Departure, but inwardly Rejoyced, that by this *Stratagem* they should get her easily into the Trap without Noise or Disturbance; which had they gone about to do by Force, her Cryes might have brought Rescue, and prevented *their* Villanous Purpose: The cursed *Priest* indeed would have first had her Ravished by himself and his Companion, and then Murthered at Home, *but the* other considering many Accidents might happen, and

that

that it would be Difficult to Diſpoſe of the Dead Body, being more quick at Invention contrived this way. But I muſt leave them for ſome time, hugging themſelves in their ſuppoſed Security, and follow the Deceived Innocent.

The bloody Cut-throats, having got the Prize by her too much Credulity into their Poſſeſſion, took all the by-ways they could croſſing the Countrey, and holding her in Diſcourſe with many things relating to the War; and ſo ſpun out the time till the Sun was near ſetting, when coming into a Valley between two vaſt Woods, in a place much Unfrequented, they Rode into one of them at the turning of a narrow Way, where the ſuppoſed Captain ſtopped, and the Ruffian that Rode ſingle alighted, and ſurprizingly pulled *Deidamia* from behind him, who at ſo unexpected a Rudeneſs Trembled, and began to ſuſpect the Treachery; nor was the other ſlow in Diſmounting, when both together they carried her into the Wood; upon this with piteous Shricks and Cries, ſhe Demanded *the Cauſe of ſuch Violence*; but without Replying, the Villain who had carried her, drawing his Sword, Directed it for the fatal Thruſt, deſigning inſtantly to pierce her Heart; whilſt on her *Knees ſhe was imploring their Pity and Compaſſion, and intreating to know in what ſhe had Offended, to make them ſo void of Humanity towards a diſtreſſed Lady, whom they had betrayed into that Solitary Place; being Convinced that her Lord had given no ſuch Commands*: No, (replyed they) *that's true, nor do*

*we know him; but* Antonio *and* Fronovius *have, and we muſt Obey them; beſides you are an* Heretick, *and ought not to Live.*

*Deidamia* now finding ſhe was betrayed by her wicked Servants into the Hands of theſe mercileſs Villains; and ſeeing nothing but preſent Death before her Eyes, ſhe poured out her Soul to God in Vehement Petitions for Favour from his Hands, and that if he ſaw fit ſhe ſhould Live no longer here, that he would receive her into Life Eternal, and that rather (if it were required) ſhe might Seal her Profeſſion of the Reformed Religion, in which ſhe had found ſo much heavenly Conſolation, with her deareſt Blood, than be prevail'd with to Recant it. *But thou, O Lord, (ſaid ſhe) who Deliveredſt* Daniel *from the Fury of the Lyons, and the Three Children from devouring Flames, canſt if thou wilt, in this great Extremity, deliver me from theſe Blood-thirſty Men, whom I have in no manner Injured: But be it as thou pleaſeſt, ſo that my departing Soul, when it leaves this Mortal Body, may find Shelter in thy Merciful Arms.* The Villains who all this while had eyed her, and ſaw her Lovely in her Tears, troubled themſelves not about her Religion, for their buſineſs was to Murther her; and therefore the pretended Captain ſaid, *Lady! our time is ſhort, this inſtant you muſt Die, therefore ſettle your Mind for the fatal Stroke:* To this ſhe made no Reply, but continuing on her Knees, with Eyes uplifted to Heaven, Sighs and Tears being the Language of her Soul, his impious Hand was about

about to give the fatal Thruſt; but the other catched hold of his Arm, and ſtopt his Sword; and after that they Whiſpered; but ſhe knew not what they ſaid, till their further Attempts revealed it.

They had no ſooner done conferring Notes, but they Violently forced her on her Back, and prepared to Raviſh her firſt, and then put her to Death; her Cries upon this were Redoubled, and ſhe begged Death rather than the loſs of her Chaſtity, opening her Boſom, and tempting their Swords to pierce it. But her Beauty in this ſorrowful Condition, was ſo Charming in their Luſtful Eyes, that they were inexorable to her Cries, Entreaties or Prayers. O had *Alanſon* been but there, with what Vengeance at the piteous Sight would his Sword have been drawn to their Deſtruction and her Reſcue! But he being many Leagues Diſtant, and ignorant of the Wounds his dear Lady was about to receive, Heaven interpoſed, and brought a timely Reſcue: For the Villains fell at Diſcord who ſhould firſt enjoy her; and the Conteſt grew ſo hot, that they diſputed it with their Swords, and in the Duel the pretended Captain (moſt forward in the Miſchief) was ran through the Body, and with a gaſtly Groan yielded up his wicked Soul into the hands of Death. The other being ſorely Wounded, & Fainting through loſs of blood, gave *Deidamia* time to fly further into the Woods, wandering ſo far, that Night covering every thing with Darkneſs, ſhe thought ſhe might now reſt a little to recover Breath;

and ſo ſate down upon the Ground: Though the Dangers ſhe had ſo lately eſcaped from wicked Men, and thoſe that ſhe now feared from wild Beaſts, would not a long time ſuffer her to cloſe her Eyes; however ſhe ceaſed not with earneſt Prayer and Supplication to recommend her ſelf to God, and implore his Aid and Protection; who by the late wonderful Deliverance he had given her, had ſufficiently ſhown her how able he is to ſave to the uttermoſt, even in the midſt of the greateſt Dangers. The conſideration whereof, was a mighty Allay to her preſent Sorrows in the midſt of that Forlorn Condition to which ſhe was reduced; ſo that a little Supported thereby, ſhe fell, at laſt, into a ſound Sleep, having no other Pillow but a Turff of Graſs, nor no other Covering than the Canopy of Heaven. The Morning being come, *Deidamia* again return'd thanks to God, both for her late Deliverance, and her laſt Nights Preſervation; earneſtly begging of him, That as he had Graciouſly, begun to Deliver her, ſo that he would in his own good time compleat it, to his own Glory and her Good; and that though at preſent her Afflictions were not Joyous but Grievous, yet, that through God's over-ruling Providence, they might afterwards bring forth for her the peaceable Fruits of Righteouſneſs; begging of him alſo, that he would inflict no more upon her, than he would enable her to Bear: Humbly deſiring that ſhe might be kept from entertaining hard Thoughts of God, or of his Truth and

Wayes

Wayes that she had so lately Embraced, notwithstanding any Sufferings she had or might meet withal upon that Account. And having thus Recommended her self to God, she Resolved, if it were possible, to get out of that Desolate, Pathless, and Solitary Place: But the more she thought to Extricate her self, the more she found her self Entangled; and without hopes of getting out. The Fruits that at that time of the Year grew upon the Trees, supply'd her with Food; and the little purling Streams that issued from some Springs in the Wood, supply'd her with Drink: So that finding it impossible to get away, she was Content to tarry there till the Providence of God should find out some way of Deliverance for her; being satisfied in this, That the Comforts of Conversation, and other Conveniences that she us'd to have, were abundantly made up in the Communion she enjoy'd with God, whose blessed Presence (as she has since Confess'd) did more than Recompence for all her Grief and Wants. In the possession of which Happiness we will leave her for a time, and look back to see what became of the Surviving Russian.

His Companion (as we have already heard) was Kill'd in their Contest about which should Enjoy (or rather Ravish) *Deidamia* first; and he that Surviv'd, Fainted away through loss of Blood, (which as we have already Related) made way for *Deidamia's* Escape: But he recovering in some little time, found means to stop its Effusion; and then missing of *Deida-*

*mia*, he made what Search he could for her, not ſo much to ſatisfy his Luſt, ( which his loſs of Blood had pretty much allay'd ) as to take away her Life, that in time to come ſhe might not be an Evidence of his Wickedneſs; but not finding her after all his Search, he Buried his Companion, and returned to thoſe that had ſet him to Work; telling them, *That* Deidamia, *when ſhe found ſhe muſt Die, by a Surprize had ſnatch'd away his Companion's Sword, and Slain him with it by an unlook'd for Thruſt: But that himſelf had quickly Reveng'd it by her own Death, and had Buried them both in a deep Pit to avoid Diſcovery.* This they believed, and gave him what they had promiſed; being mightily pleaſed that now they were ( as they thought at leaſt ) out of all Danger.

Whilſt theſe things were thus Acted, *Deidamia's* Parents became exceedingly Troubled, even to that Degree, that their Sleep departed from them; and thoſe little Slumbers that they ſometimes got, were interrupted with ſtrange and unaccountable Dreams; which was alſo attended with an unuſual Melancholly, of which they could give no Account. This made 'em reſolve to enquire after *Deidamia*, of whom they heard nothing ſince the Permiſſion they gave to *Antonio* to carry her to a *Nunnery*.

But *Fronovius* and *Antonio* had been ſo Cunning to prevent their Diſcovery of the Villany, that for a Sum of Money they engaged

gaged a certain Abbeſs of *Antonio's* Acquaintance, to acknowledge (when there ſhould be Occaſion) that *Deidamia* had been brought thither, but that ſhe had made her Eſcape from thence, ſo that ſhe knew not what was become of her, nor could give any Account of the Reaſon of it, but only by a Note that ſhe had lett behind her in her Chamber; which Note *Fronovius* (who as we have already ſaid, had a Notable Faculty at Counterfeiting of Hands) had Writ in a Hand ſo like *Deidamia's*, that it could not be Diſtinguiſhed. They had alſo given the Abbeſs a Ladder of Ropes, by which it was pretended ſhe had made her Eſcape. *Fronovius* and *Antonio* having ſo well laid their Deſign with the Abbeſs, kept poſſeſſion of *Alanſon's* Houſe without Fear or Controul. And therefore when *Deidamia's* Parents came thither to enquire after their Daughter, they receiv'd them with much ſeeming Courteſie and Kindneſs; and *Fronovius* told them, *That though it had unhappily fallen out that their Lady had been perverted to Hereſie ſince the Departure of the* Count *her Husband, yet he had taken that care of the Family in his Lord's Abſence which was conſiſtent with his Duty; and that as to his Lady, the Orders they had been pleas'd to give to* Antonio *to ſend her to a* Nunnery, *had been punctually Obſerv'd; and he hop'd by that means, againſt the coming Home of their Lord, ſhe might be again reconciled unto the Mother-Church, out of which there*

*is no Salvation.* Tho' this Discourse of *Fronovius* was very Pausible, yet the Parents of *Deidamia* were not at all satisfied with it, but desired to see and discourse with her in the *Nunnery* where she was, which *Fronovius* seemed ready to assent to, and with *Antonio* offered their Service to accompany them thither, telling them they had given so strict a Charge to the Abbess to prevent any Hereticks from coming to her, that none might be admitted to speak with her, but themselves, or by their immediate Order.

The Parents being for the present satisfied with this Answer, lay there that Night, big with the Hopes they had of seeing their Daughter the next Day: Which being come, they went early in the Morning, with *Antonio* and *Fronovius* to the *Nunnery*; but were extreamly surprized when they came thither, to hear the Abbess say, That the young Lady had been too hard for her; and notwithstanding all her Care and Diligence, had found a way to make her Escape but the Day before; and then led them into the Garden, shewing them the Ladder of Ropes by which she got over the Wall; and then having them into a Room which she called her Chamber, gave them the Note which *Fronovius* left with her, asking her Parents if they knew that Hand; they hastily Opened it, and thought verily it had been of *Deidamia's* Writing: And then Reading it, found it to contain these Words.

*HAving been forced to this place against my Mind and Conscience, let none be troubled that*

*that I have found a Means to ſet my ſelf at Liberty: And am gone to Him who no doubt will Right me of the Injury done me by my Treacherous Servants.*

Deidamia.

Her Parents upon reading this Letter, and believing it to be true, burſt forth into Tears for the Loſs of their Daughter; not knowing now in what part of the Countrey to ſeek for her: The only Hopes they had was that ſhe was gone into *Flanders* to her Husband, to which Opinion *Fronovius* and *Antonio* both perſwaded them from that Expreſſion in the Note, [*I am gone to him that will Right my Injuries.*] Upon which, giving *Fronovius* a Charge to be a Faithful Steward in his Lord's Abſence, they returned to their own Houſe, where they Writ the following Letter to the *Count*, and ſent it by an Expreſs to *Flanders*.

To the Count *D'Alanſon*, Coll. of the Regiment of *Picardy*.

Deareſt SON,

IT *is not without Unexpreſſible Grief that we Write theſe Lines, which brings you the ſad Tidings of the greateſt Affliction that ever befel you; and which, without the Divine Aid you will find it very hard to bear; but I hope Heaven will Support you under it; it is in Briefe, the Loſs of* Deidamia; *I do not mean by Death, for had Heaven Ordain'd it ſo, that would have been far more*

Eligible

Eligible: But, alas! She is Loſt both to her ſelf and all of us; She is (ſince your Departure) Perverted to Hereſie, and turned an obſtinate Hugonot; which whiſt we endeavoured to Reclaim her from, by Conſenting (upon the Advice of your Chaplain, Father Antonio) that ſhe ſhould be put into a Nunnery, ſhe is eſcaped from thence no one knows whither; the Thoughts whereof has filled the Hearts of my ſelf and my Wife with ſuch Unexpreſſible Grief and Sorrow as has rendered us altogether Unconſolable. Our only remaining Hope is that ſhe may be gone to you; and that if you have not already, you may yet Hear of her in a few days; for ſhe left behind her in her Chamber at the Nunnery of St. Bridget's (whither Fronovius and Antonio conducted her) the following Note.

HAving been forced to this Place againſt my Mind and Conſcience, let none be troubled that I have found a means to ſet my Self at Liberty: And am gone to him who no doubt will Right me of the Injury done me by my Treacherous Servants.

*Deidamia.*

It is this Note alone that gives us ground to Hope that you may ſee her again; and I pray God it may fall out accordingly. And whenever this loſt Sheep ſhall be found again, I doubt not but you will lay her in your Boſom, according to the Example of our great Shepherd; and by your wonted Love and Tenderneſs towards her, endeavour to reſtore her again to the true Fold and Church of

Chriſt;

*Chriſt; to whoſe holy Protection I commit you, and ſo Farewell.*

J. MONTAIGN.

The Count *Alanſon* was ſo tranſported with Grief at the reading of this Letter, that for ſome time he remained Speechleſs: His trouble was too great to vent it ſelf in words; ſtill waters being always the deepeſt; But ſoon after his Sorrow gave it ſelf vent in the moſt paſſionate and feeling Complaints: And then calling for a Pen and Ink, he Writ the following Letter to his Father.

*Alanſon* to the Sieur *Montaign.*

SIR,

I *Received your Letter, the Contents whereof has brought that Grief and Sorrow to my Heart, that will continue there for ever, unleſs the Sight of my Deareſt* Deidamia *removes it: Her being turn'd* Hugonot *is not that which gives me much Trouble, it rather makes me think there is ſomething of Good in thoſe Opinions, or elſe ſo much Goodneſs and Vertue as that of* Deidamia's, *could never have embraced 'em. Had you but let her alone in my Houſe, I had been Happy ſtill; but your endeavouring to reclaim her, has been the Ruine of us both: I am ſo Tranſported with Grief and Anger, that I know not what to Write, nor would I Write at all, but come away immediately were it not for the Hopes you give me from the Note found in the Chamber of my* Deareſt Deidamia, *that*

*that she was gone to Him that would soon* Right her Injuries, *and that can be none but my Self: And might I but Recover her again, she should not be mistaken in her Thoughts. 'Tis in Hopes of her Coming, that I am Content to stay here a little longer: For 'tis* Deidamia *alone can make me Happy. Farewell.*

ALANSON.

The Messenger being return'd with *Alanson's* Letter, it administred fresh Grief to *Deidamia's* Parents: For they thereby found that by their too easily yielding to *Antonio's* Designs, they had not only lost their Daughter, but the Affections of their Son-in-Law. In this sad State we will now leave them, and make *Deidamia* a Visit in her sorrowful Solitude.

*Deidamia* being in that lonely Place, each Day removed her Habitation, until at last she found a Cave, which covered her from the Injuries of the Weather, and was a quiet resting place to her in the Night-season, for by shutting up the Mouth of the Cave she secur'd her self from all Danger; which she looked upon, and thank'd God for, as a great Mercy: And Living upon the Fruits that grew in the Wood, (as I said before) she spent her time wholly in Prayer and Meditation; and tho' her Diet and Lodging was extreamly changed, yet her Health was both continued and encreased, and she found that Promise made good to her; *As thy Day is, so shall thy Strength be.*

She

She had now Lived almoſt four Months in this Solitude, and the Winter approaching, began to make the Woods uncomfortable; and the Cold extreamly nipping: ſo that *Deidamia* was forced often to walk apace to get her a heat. One day as ſhe had walked farther than ordinary, ſhe diſcovered ſome kind of an Obſcure Path ſhe had not ſeen before, and tho' ſhe knew not whither it would lead her, ſhe was reſolved to follow the Track: She travelled ſo far that Day, that it was in vain for her to think of retreating to her beloved Cave, where ſhe had lain ſo many Nights; and therefore making the beſt ſhift that ſhe could, ſhe ſat down upon the Ground, and Recommending her ſelf to the Almighty's Protection, compos'd her ſelf to Reſt; the next Morning ſhe aroſe as ſoon as it was Light, and travelling forward, perceived her Path to be like that of the *Juſt*, which the Wiſe man tells us, *Shines more and more unto the Perfect Day*: And ſhe was encouraged to go on, becauſe ſhe Fancied ſhe heard the Barking of *Dogs*; and after travelling a little further, ſhe was well aſſured it was a real Thing, and not a Fancy only; and therefore ſhe purſu'd her Journey the more eagerly. The Sun had not come to its Meridian, when ſhe heard an unuſual Ruſhing amongſt the Buſhes, and ſtanding ſtill to know what it might mean, ſhe perceived a Grave Old Man, with two Dogs following him, come from among the

Trees. They were both alike surpriz'd at the Enterview; for the Old Man having never seen any Humane Creature in that place before, could not but be amaz'd to see a Woman coming from the midst of the Wood; and therefore addressing himself to her, he enquired by what Misfortune she came thither, intreating her not to be Afraid, for she should receive no Harm from him: *Deidamia* upon this looking earnestly upon him, and perceiving his Carriage and Demeanour to be what became the Gravity of his Years, she told him, *She was indeed in a wild place, and knew not the way out again.* To this the Old Man Replyed, *If she would go with him to his homely Cottage, his Wife would Conduct her out of the Wood.* *Deidamia* presently accepted of his Kindness, and went with him. And after they had gone about the space of a Mile, they came to his House; where the good Old Woman (who was somewhat surpriz'd to see her Husband bring a Stranger along with him) rose up and received her very Courteously, desiring her to sit down, and refresh her self with such homely Fare as their Cottage afforded: Which she did; and then asking her farther how she came into that place, *Deidamia* desired *they would ask her no Questions, for the repitition of her Sorrows would but renew her Grief; only thus much she would let 'em know, that her being there alive was the effect of God's Providence in delivering her from Wicked and*

*Blood-*

*Blood-thirsty men that sought to take away her Life.* Upon which, perceiving her full of grief, they ask'd her no more Questions, but finding her very weary, they led her into a homely but clean Apartment to repose her self upon the Bed. *Deidamia* was mighty thoughtful what this Aged Couple might be; and whether or no, for her Apparels sake, and that Gold and those Jewels she had about her, she might not fall into as great a Danger as that she had formerly Escaped, and though she was at first glad of their Company, she could almost have wisned her self in her beloved Cave again. But her Fears were quickly over, when by a *French* Bible and other good Books, she found in a little Room, and by the hearty Prayers of the good Old Man at Night, she perceived they were *Hugonots*, who had fled into that solitary Retirement for the sake of their Religion: This made her be much more free with them, blessing God for his Providence in bringing her thither, and resolving to continue there, till she could meet with an Opportunity to return home into the Arms of her dearest *Alanson*: And the Old Couple having understood her History more fully, by their Pity and Commiseration made her Abode with them more easie. And the Communion with them in the things of another World, weaned her from this in a great measure. So that here she took up her Abode, & continued with them not only that Winter, but the Year following, until she was found out by her Beloved *Alanson*, to whom it is time that we now Return.

The Count *Alanſon* having tarried at the Camp a whole Month after the receiving of his Father-in-law's Letter, in expectation of ſeeing his deareſt *Deidamia*; began now to be impatient of tarrying any longer; and indeed, during all that time he was ſo much chang'd in his Carriage, Humours, and Converſation, that all thoſe with whom he us'd to Converſe in the Camp took Notice of it, he having abandon'd himſelf to an extream Melancholly; and therefore deſiring of the King to go Home, both for the Recovery of his Health, and for the ſetling ſome Affairs in his Family, he ſoon obtain'd it, and ſoon after, (though with a heavy heart) arriv'd there. Where his firſt Buſineſs was to enquire after *Deidamia*, but none of his Servants could give any Account of her but *Fronovius* and *Antonio*, who gave him the ſame Account that had been ſent him by his Father-in-law: To which he ſternly ask'd them, *How they durſt diſpoſe of their Lady and Miſtriſs, contrary to her Will, without his Conſent or Knowledge?* Telling them, *He feared by the Note ſhe had Written, it was their Treachery that was the occaſion of her Loſs; which if he could but be Confirmed in, he would take Care they ſhould receive a Puniſhment ſuitable to the greatneſs of their Crimes* At which *Fronovius* and *Antonio* began to Tremble, and make the beſt excuſes for themſelves they could; alledging the Conſent of her Parents for what they did But that did not at all ſatisfie *Alanſon*, who ſoon diſcharged them from his Service, and reſolv'd to Travel in Search of *Deidamia*, though

though he knew not which way to bend his Course: But after many a tedious Journey, enquiring amongst those who were Favourers of the *Hugonots*, he yet could hear no Tidings of her. So that full of Grief and Sorrow he led a retir'd & melancholly Life in his own House, absenting himself from all Company, & Mourning like a *Turtle* that had lost his Mate. *Alanson* continuing still in his Melancholly, his Friends by all means possible endeavoured to Comfort him; perswading him to surcease his Griet; for that it was more than probable that *Deidamia* by some Misfortune or other was Dead; and therefore to Comfort himself they advis'd him to think of a second *Marriage*, as that which would restore his former Gayety, and make him forget *Deidamia*. But the more they endeavoured to perswade him, the more he was resolved to the contrary; and therefore to avoid their continued Importunities, he fixt his Resolution once more to Travel in Quest of her; which accordingly he did, but without Success: And therefore he resolved to return again to his own House, and there spend the remainder of his Dayes in Solitude.

In pursuance whereof, he was returning Home, where in his way he met with a Vast Concourse of People, and Demanding the Occasion of it, he was told a Criminal was a going to be broken on the Wheel, for a Murther he had Committed; upon which his Curiosity led led him to see the Execution And getting pretty near, the Malefactor cast his Eyes upon him,

and straight knew him to be *Alanson* the Husband of *Deidamia*; and being smitten with Remorse of Conscience, he beckoned *Alanson* to come near, and humbly begged his Pardon for the Wrong he had done him. At this *Alanson* both Started and fell a Trembling, fearing it was for her Murder the Criminal was to Die: But coming nearer, the Malefactor asked him, *If he had heard any News of his Lady*? And then with Tears Confessed, *That himself and another had been Hired to Murder her, to which end they carried her into a Wood,* (which he named to him) *but by a miraculous Providence she escaped out of their Hands; That afterwards he had reported to those that set him to Work, that he had actually Murthered her; For which he received his Reward; but which way she Escaped, he knew not; And that this was about two Years since.* The *Count* urged him to tell the Names of those that had so Hired him; but he said, *He had Sworn upon the holy Sacrament of the Altar never to Disclose 'em; and that he feared Damnation if he should. Only,* (said he) *this I may say without breaking my Oath, They were two Persons in whom you have put a great deal of Confidence* And then solemnly Attested, *That what he had said was the Truth.* And soon after he was Executed.

This Dying Criminal's Confession confirm'd *Alanson* that *Deidamia* had been Treacherously carried thither, either from his House or the *Nunnery*; and he no longer Doubted that *Frosinius* and *Antonio* were the Persons that had Hired Villains to Murther her; and therefore

tho' they were removed from his Service some-time ago, yet he was resolved to pursue them, in order to bring them to Justice : But first he intended to make a fresh search after *Deidamia*, the Criminal having giving him account where she escaped from them ; and therefore he thought, (if she were still Alive ) she might be somewhere in the Vicinity of that Wood ; Towards that therefore he bended his Course, and being arrived within sight thereof, and seeing how vast a thing it was, he perceived it would be a Difficult thing to find her, even tho' she was there. Yet at his entering in, he conceived some Hopes in his Mind, that he should not lose his Labour. Whereupon alighting, and giving his Horse to his Servant, ( who had attended him in all his Melancholly Travails ) and charged him to attend there till he came back, he went into the Wood alone, and found himself entangled amongst Thickets, Briars, and Bushes, yet still he went on, searching every Cave and Solitary Place, often calling out, *Deidamia* ! till Darkness coming on, made him think of Returning to his Man ; but he found he was gone too far to Retreat back in time, and therefore resolved to go forward : And being no doubt guided by Providence, he happened upon that Cave where *Deidamia* had so often bewailed his Absence, and mourned her own solitary State ; and there he Rested his weary and tired Body for that Night, resolving to pursue his Search the next Morning ; which being come, just as he was going out of the Cave, he perceiv-

ceiv-

ceived ſomething ſparkle very brightly on the Ground, which he ſtooped and took up, and looking on it in the open Light, he found it to be a Locket of Diamonds, which he had formerly given *Deidamia*; and ſhe unwittingly had dropt there. The finding of this fill'd him with ſome Tranſports of Joy, as looking upon it as an Earneſt of his good Succeſs in finding the Owner: And thereupon he often repeated her Name very loud, but could receive no Anſwer but by ſome broken Eccho's. And therefore going on, he knew not whither, but being directed by the ſame Providence that had before Conducted him to the Cave, where he had wandered ſo far, that he was almoſt hopeleſs, he was ſuddenly ſet upon by Two Whiffling Curs, which, upon offering to draw his Sword, ran away Barking from him; which he purſuing, came in a little time to a Path, where he might diſcern the Foot ſteps of Human Creatures, which very much revived his Hopes, and encouraged him ſtill to go on; he had not gone far before he diſcerned ſmoak to iſſue from a ſmall Cottage; to which, as he approached pretty near, he was again Saluted by the furious Barking of thoſe Dogs whom he had before purſued. This was the Cottage where *Deidamia* reſided, who upon the Barking of the Dogs, looking out to ſee what was the Matter, eſpied *Alanſon* coming towards her, and (the Idea of his Image being continually in her Breaſt) ſhe no ſooner Saw, but Knew him, and running into his Arms in an Exceſs of Joy, was only able to Cry out,

*Ah!*

*Ah! my Dear Lord*, Alanſon! But Exceſs of Joy proves ſometimes Fatal, and it had like to have done ſo to *Deidamia*, for She immediately Swooned away in his Arms; The Dogs ſtill continued their Barking, which alſo Cauſed the good Old Woman of the Cottage to ſee what the Cauſe was, and was extreamly Surprized to ſee a gentile Stranger there, and *Deidamia* Fainting in his Arms; however ſhe made what haſte ſhe could to endeavour her Recovery, deſiring *Alanſon* to bring her into the Houſe, which he immediately did, telling the good Woman that he was *Deidamia*'s Husband; which ſhe (being very well acquainted with *Deidamia*'s Story) was very glad to hear. It was a conſiderable time before *Deidamia* could be brought to her Self, which ſo much afflicted the *Count*, that he was almoſt ready to Faint away himſelf. But his Lady being again recovered, *Alanſon* with a thouſand Kiſſes and endeared Expreſſions aſſured her of the Truth, Reality, and Conſtancy of his Affections towards her; whilſt ſhe, on the other Hand ſeemed to be the moſt Satisfied Creature in the World, in that ſhe had once more ſeen her deareſt Lord *Alanſon*; Deſiring him not to be troubled at her Fainting away, ſince it was only occaſioned by the exceſs of that Joy ſhe conceived in ſeeing him again; and that Death it ſelf would have been eaſie to her upon ſo happy an Occaſion, and eſpecially Dying in his Arms:

Whileſt

Whilſt in this manner they were expreſſing the Ardency of their Affections to each other, the good Man of the Houſe came Home; and being told by his Wife that *Deidamia's* Husband was there, the good Man was over-joyed; and courteouſly Saluted *Alanſon*, telling him, *He was ſure he was a Welcome Man there to them all*, but eſpecially to *Deidamia*, who had long mourned his Abſence. *Alanſon* kindly Thanked him, and told him, *He ſhould ever Honour him as the Refuge and Preſerver of his dear Lady* And after ſuch Civilities on each ſide paſſed, the good Woman ſet before him ſuch homely Refreſhment as ſhe had prepared on the Table: *Alanſon* eat but little; *Deidamia's* Preſence being more to him than all the Dainties in the World; yet perceiving with what courſe Fare his Lady had been there contented, he praiſed her Humility, and wondred at her Vertue. Dinner being ended, *Alanſon* was Concerned for his Servant, whom he had left in the enterance of the Wood, and would have gone back to him; but the good Old Man would by no means let him, telling him he would go himſelf, becauſe he better knew the way, and could eaſier find it; and ſo taking his Dogs along with him, he went accordingly. The Man having waited at the enterance of the Wood from the time that his Maſter went into it, till the next Morning, and hearing nothing of him, leaving his Horſe in the Fields adjoyning to the Wood, reſolved to find him out, and having got a good way, he met the Old Gentleman who was coming to him;

him; and enquiring of him for his Master, whom he describ'd, he told him he had both seen and came from him to Conduct him where he was, and that he had found his Lady; at this the Servant was very Glad, and joyfully went along with him. After the Old Gentleman was gone for the Servant, the Count and his Lady went into the Woods, and there she gave him a particular account of all her Sorrows and Sufferings since his departing from her, and the reason of her staying where she was; viz. *The Old Gentleman's not daring to go out of the Wood with her, he being a proscrib'd Person; and to go without him, was to endanger her own Life. Besides, she knew not how* Antonio *might have ordered matters, having the Pretence of Heresie to lay to her Charge; and that hearing nothing of him in all this time, she through his Affections might have been Estranged from her.* But *Alanson* assur'd her to the contrary; telling her, *He could not but Wonder at the unparallel'd Villany of* Fronovius *and* Antonio; *and that he had turn'd them out of his Service soon after he came home from the Camp.* After which the Old Gentleman and *Alanson's* Servant being (as before related) arrived at the Cottage, the Evening was far spent, and so they all betook themselves to rest.

The next Morning *Alanson* was preparing for his return Home; but before they went, their aged Landlord would needs have them stay and Dine; and in Discourse told him he was once a Tenant of his Fathers; but by cruel

Cruel Edicts was forced not only to leave that Farm, but his Paternal Inheritance, ſuffering the Spoil and Loſs of all for the ſake of Chriſt and a good Conſcience; and in this Solitary Retirement had enjoyed more true Peace and Satisfaction, then in all the Pleaſures of his Fore paſt Life. The *Count* then ask'd him his Name; which he told him was *De La Mont*; upon which he preſently knew and embraced him; Saying; *That though himſelf was of the Roman Perſuaſion*, yet he had often pitied his Sufferings, adding, *That it was given out he Died in Priſon.* The Pious *Deidamia* from this Diſcourſe took an occaſion to ſay, *Ah! my deareſt Lord, You ſee what a Cruel and Mercileſs Religion it is that you Profeſs, and which thro' the goodneſs of God, I have lately departed from. I am not Surpriz'd* (ſaid *Aanſen*) *at that which you ſay, for I was inform'd in* Flandees *that you had changed your Religion. I wiſh to God*, (replyed *Deidamia*) *that your ſelf my deareſt Lord, was likewiſe made a partaker of the ſame Happy Change.* Upon this Monſ. *De La Mont* put in and laid down ſuch weighty Reaſons for the Truth of the Reformed Religion, and againſt the Errors of the Church of *Rome*, that it encouraged *Deidamia* further to go on, and ſhew the Viciouſneſs and Debauchery of the *Romiſh* Clergy, their bloody Principles and perſecuting Spirit; ſo that *Alanſen* was forced to Confeſs, That what was Alledg'd againſt their Practices was true; but as to their Principles (abating that of Perſecution) he believed they might be miſtaken:

miſtaken: Upon which *Deidamia* Replyed, *I am glad, my dear Lord, to find you are againſt Perſecution; I hope then you will be willing I ſhall enjoy the Liberty of my Conſcience, (the only Happineſs I have had in this Solitary Retirement) and that you will never go about to Compel me to go to* Maſs, *which I will rather Chuſe to Dye than do*: To this *Alanſon* replyed, *That he was no ſuch Bigot as to think that thoſe that ſincerely worſhipped God, according to the beſt of their Underſtandings, (as he was Confident* Deidamia *did) might not be accepted of him, though of an Opinion different from himſelf: And as to Compel her to go to* Maſs, *if by Arguments he could not perſwade her to it, he ſolemnly promiſed he never would uſe any other Means.*

And being now ready to Depart, *Alanſon* offered *La Mont* ſtore of Gold for their Kindneſs to his Lady, while ſhe had been with them, which he abſolutely Refuſed, ſaying, *Her Converſation had been ſo agreeable, that they were the Perſons who had been Obliged.* So that leave being taken, and *La Mont* Praying that God would go along with them, and make their Way Proſperous, they Parted, and coming out of the Wood, the Servant readily found the Horſes; and *Deidamia* getting up behind her Lord, they made the beſt of their Way towards *Alanſon's* Houſe; where they were received with the rejoycing of all their Acquaintance; and

much more of her Parents, to whom in a Day or two they made a Visit, *Deidamia* being received by them as one risen from the Dead. And the Story of their Daughters Troubles being all Related to them, they could not but admire the Providence of God, in preserving her, and wonder at the monstrous wickedness of *Fronovius* and *Antonio*: Who upon their hearing the Confession of the Dying Criminal, had withdrawn themselves from their former Residence. And *Antonio* (the better to escape deserved Punishment for his Lustful Attempts upon *Deidamia's* Chastity) went privately to the Bishop of *Rheims*, and told him that Count *Alanson's* Lady was Depraved with *Heresie*, in which she was so much Countenanced by her Lord, that himself for endeavouring to Reclaim her, was turn'd out of the Family, and cut off from all Interest in it, and therefore came humbly to beg his Protection against so powerful an Adversary, since what he had done was only out of Zeal to promote the *Catholick Religion*. The Bishop received him into his Protection, and Writ a sharp Letter to the *Count* about it; who having received it, believed it was done by the Instigation of *Antonio*, whom he heard he had entertain'd; and being troubled that so great a Villain should find any Countenance from the Bishop, he Writ back again to know the Names of those that had so injuriously inform'd him against his Lady: But the Bishop would not gratifie him so far in his Desires. This made the *Count* return him

a ſecond Letter, written in a more Angry Stile; Declaring, *That if he could not have Juſtice from him, the King himſelf ſhould be acquainted with it, and by him he would ſeek Redreſs.* This ſo Nettled the Biſhop, that he ſent Examiners to his Lady, to Interrogate her about her Religion; of which the *Count* having ſome Intimation ſent her to her Parents, who were extreamly troubled at theſe freſh Misfortunes; and being mightily Scandaliz'd at the Villany of *Antonio*; and the Biſhop's protecting him from Juſtice, grew thereupon very cold in the Profeſſion of the *Popiſh Religion*, which ſo furiouſly Perſecuted Innocence and Vertue, and Countenanced the greateſt Wickedneſs: This Pious *Deidamia* wiſely Improved, and ſo effectually wrought with them, by her Warm and Zealous Diſcourſes, that through the Operation of God's Holy Spirit aſſiſting her, they were both brought over to the Embracing of the true Proteſtant Religion.

The Biſhops Examiners being diſappointed, return'd back without their Errand; upon which the Biſhop threatned to Excommunicate both *Alanſon* and his Family; and was ſoon after as good as his word. Upon this *Alanſon* Poſts away to the King, who was then at *Marli*, where he Complained of the Injury done him by the Biſhop of *Rheims*, both in Excommunicating him, and Protecting a Villanous Criminal from Juſtice. But it ſeems the Biſhop had been before-hand with him, and

made his Complaint first: For the King received him very Coldly, and told him, *The Bishop of* Rheims *was a good Man, and he had left the Business wholly to him* On which *Alanson* return'd Home much Discontented, and found that in his Absence fresh Search had been made in his House for his Lady, though without Success. Then he went to the Bishop himself, and boldly Charged him with *Entertaining a wicked Person, to the Prejudice of his Honour*; telling him who he was, and declaring his Crimes, desiring he might be brought forth, and his Lady should appear. But the Bishop refusing this, and telling him, *His Lady was accused of Heresie, and he of Countenancing it*; the *Count* in a kind of holy Anger told him, *That Religion could not be of God, which encouraged Villany, and sought the Destruction of them that were Vertuous.* At this the Bishop Storm'd, and told him, *He should be answered in another Nature.* And soon after he had secret Notice from Court, *That upon a fresh Complaint of the Bishops, both he and his Lady were proscrib'd as Huguenots; and that notwithstanding his Friends Intercession, and his own former Merits, his Places were taken away, and his Estate ordered to be Seized as a Terror to others.* *Alanson* finding himself unable to withstand this Storm, pack'd up the Richest of his Effects, and privately sent them to his Wives Father, where she was all this while Concealed, and then followed after himself. Where having declared the great Injustice he had met withal, contrary to all Religion,

ligion, Honour, Honesty, and Conscience. He told his Relations he was Resolved by God's Help, to Embrace that Religion for which he had been a Sufferer before he was a Professor; *For that Religion could not be of God, that did so Evidently set up the Kingdom of the Devil* At which they all Rejoyced, and *Deidamia* more especially; who passionately Embracing him said, *Her Father and Mother were of the same mind with him*; at which *Alanson* was the more Encouraged. But least their Adversaries should come thither to Search for them, they withdrew into a small Village, and Lived obscurely, while *Montaign* could hear of a convenient Vessel to Transport them into a Countrey wher they might Enjoy more Liberty.

You have before heard how *Bernard* the Gardener was Sold to a Master of a Ship belonging to one of the *French* Plantations in the *West Indies*. Before we Conclude we will briefly show how God's Providence watched over him for Good also In his Voyage at Sea they met with so extraordinary a Storm that all expected present Death; but *Bernard* was very Calm, putting up his Fervent Prayer to Almighty God, then immediately ensued a very great Serenity and Calmness; which made the Master have a Respect for him, and oftentimes Discoursed with him; his Behaviour being alwayes Sober, and his Discourse Savoury. The Master having made his Voyage, Sold *Bernard* for a Slave; and having

having ſtaid there about two Months return'd again to *France*; but the Diſcourſes and Behaviour of *Barnard* had made ſo deep an Impreſſion in his Mind, that he was greatly Troubled for having Sold him, inſomuch that he could take no Reſt, until he had taken a ſolemn Reſolution the next Voyage he made, to bring him back; and accordingly the next year making another Voyage thither, he made it his Buſineſs to enquire after him, and having found him, ask'd him, *If he was Willing to have his Liberty, and return to his own Country?* *Bernard* Replied, *He never was in Love with Slavery; but was Contented under it, whilſt God's Providence ordered it ſo; But if he might have his Liberty, he would Chooſe it rather.* Whereupon the Maſter paid his Ranſom, and brought him back to *France*; nor was he a loſer by it, for as a Recompence for his Kindneſs, it pleaſed God to make *Bernard* an Inſtrument to open his eyes, and bring him to the acknowledgment of the Truth. *Bernard* being got again into his own Country, made it his Buſineſs to enquire after the Welfare of *Alanſon's* Family, and being told of the Sufferings that had lately befallen them, he was Extreamly Grieved, tho' at the ſame time he could not but Rejoyce that they Suffered in ſo good a Cauſe. And ſpeaking of them to ſome of his Old Chriſtian Friends; he was told by one of them, That both the *Count* and his Lady liv'd

liv'd Obſcurely and in Diſguiſe, in the Neighbouring Village; and that if he had a mind to ſee them, he would give him a Note to the Gentleman of the Houſe, upon which he ſhould have admittance to them; or otherwiſe they would not be Spoken with by any one. *Bernard* gladly accepted of his Friends Kindneſs; and ſtraight went to the Houſe; and delivered the Gentleman the *Note*, the Purport of which was, *That he had known the Bearer many Years for a Faithful Friend and Brother; and that he had been formerly a Servant of the Count* Alanſon's, *and had a great Deſire to ſee his Lady, which he might Safely let him do.* Upon reading this *Note*, the Gentleman deſir'd him to come in, and ſent up one of his Servants to acquaint *Deidamia* there was one below deſired to Speak with her; upon which *Bernard* was preſently call'd up; *Deidamia* was mightily Surpriz'd to ſee *Bernard*, whom ſhe thought ſhe ſhould have never ſeen more; and very much rejoyced at it; introducing him to her Lord, and afterwards to her Parents, who all made very much of him; and were glad to ſee him. And having communicated the Various Providences of God to one another ſince they had been parted, they all bleſſed the Lord *For his Goodneſs, and for his Wonderful Works to the Children of Men.* And afterward Conſulting how to procure a Veſſel to Convey them out of Danger, *Bernard* gave them an Ac-

count

count that the Master of the Vessel which brought him back to *France* was also Converted; and that now his Vessel lay ready to Sail for *Denmark*; and he was sure he would be glad to Serve them To this they all Agreed; and thereupon *Bernard* went immediately to the Master of the Ship, who gladly consented to carry them, and Ordered their Goods to be brought Presently, and themselves to come Aboard at Midnight; at which time *Bernard* Conducted them to the Ship, and then went Aboard with them in quality of their Servant; and soon after, the Wind serving, they set Sail for *Denmark*; where being Arrived, and tarrying a few Dayes, they hired a *Dutch* Vessel to carry them to *Rotterdam*; and from thence they went by Boat to *Utrecht*; which being a pleasant Place, and of a very good Air, they resolved there to Settle.

Thus, *Courteous Reader*, thou hast had a Brief, but True, Relation of the Mercy and Goodness of God to that Noble Family which is the Subject of this Narrative: And he that Reads it throughout Seriously, will find Cause to make the same Observation that *David* did of Old, *Mark the Perfect Man, and behold the Upright, for the End of that Man is Peace.* Which the Apostle St. *James* further Exemplifies in his Epistle, *You have heard of the Patience of* Job, *and have seen the End of the Lord,*

*Lord, how he is very Pitiful and of tender Mercy;* Here you have ſeen the great Diſtreſs of *Deidamia*, and here you have ſeen the Goodneſs of God in her Deliverance. Here you have the Count *Alanſon* Rifled and Spoil'd of his Eſtate and Poſſeſſion; And here you have ſeen how God has Graciouſly made it up, in giving him that Faith which is far more Precious than the Gold which Periſheth.

*But I cannot Conclude without giving you an Account of the Judgments of God upon* Fronovius *and* Antonio, *that others may Fear, and give Glory to God.*

*Fronovius* after the Siezure of *Alanſon*'s eſtate, and his Departure into *Holland*, retur. into thoſe Parts, but finding himſelf Ha by all Men for his Villany, he retired . *Normandy*, where Soliciting his Land-lord Daughter to yield to his Luſt, and ſhe refuſing it, he took an Opportunity to *Raviſh* her, for which he was Hang'd without the Gates of *Roan.*

And as for *Antonio*, tho' he eſcaped the Juſtice of Man, he could not eſcape the Judgments of God, for falling Diſtracted in a little time after, he Confeſs'd it was God's Judgment upon him for the Miſchief he had wrought againſt his Lord *Alanſon*, and his Vertuous Lady; Saying, *They had taken away*

*it*

*to be Saved, but he was ſure to be Damned*; and ſo Diſhing out his own Brains againſt a Wall, he Dyed Miſerably. Both of them Verifying the Words of the Inſpired Penman; *Is not Deſtruction to the Wicked, and a ſtrange Judgment to the Workers of Iniquity*?

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